

25¢

A POP-OFF  
AT  
POP-ART

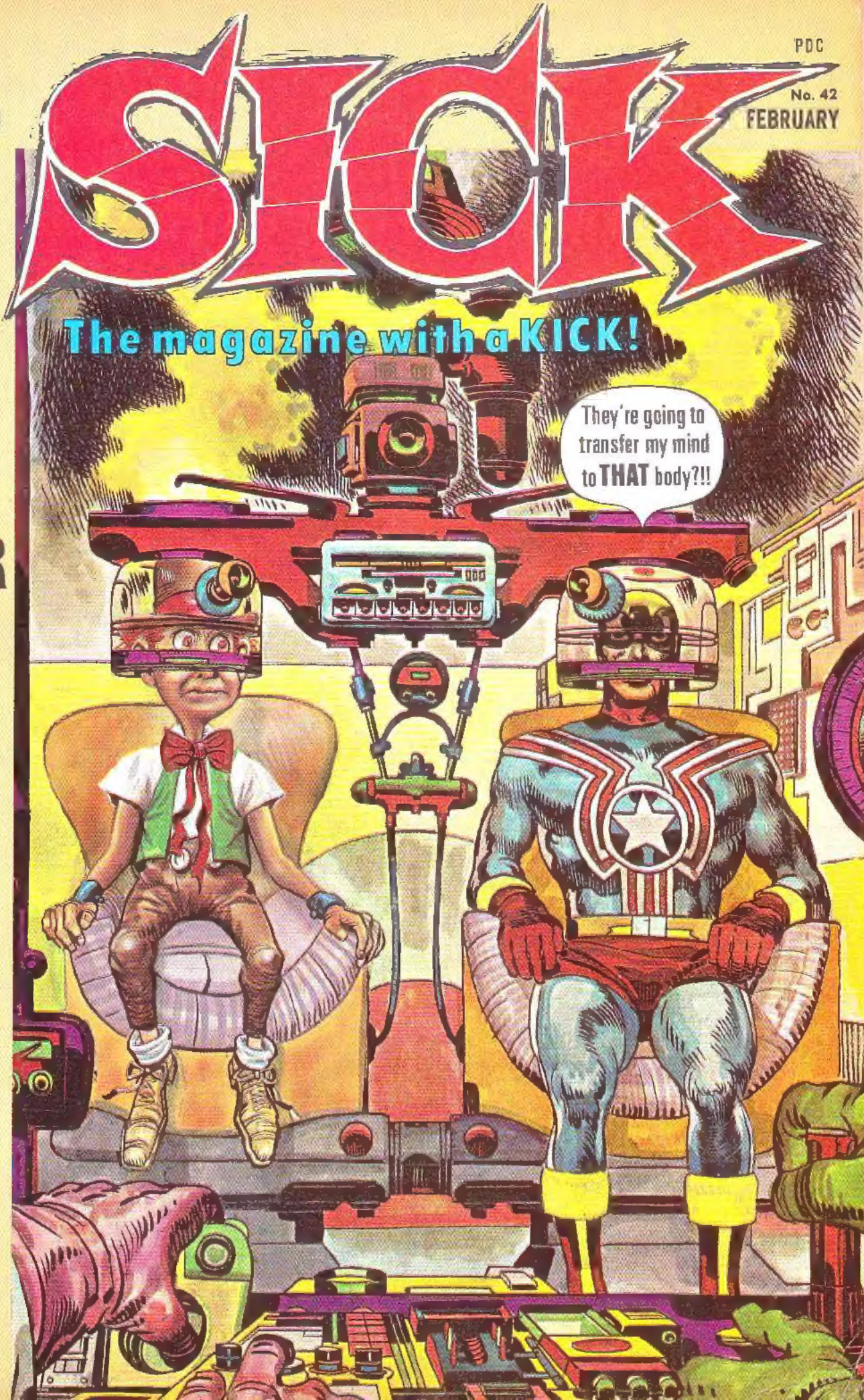
SUPER  
FaN

FAN CLUBS FOR  
HEROES  
IN LONG  
UNDER-  
WEAR

PLUS  
THE USUAL  
ASSORTMENT  
OF  
SICK-O-  
MANIA

PDC

No. 42  
FEBRUARY



The magazine with a KICK!

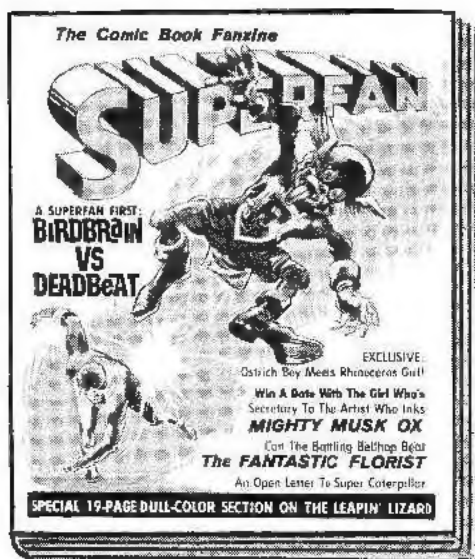
They're going to  
transfer my mind  
to THAT body?!!



March  
1







31



11

# SICK

No. 42

Vol. 6, No. 2 February, 1966

## POEMS OF THE GREAT SOCIETY

These poems say in many words—  
the White House now is for the Birds! ..... 11

## FAMOUS HISTORICAL LANDMARKS

If you're wondering where some great landmarks of the  
past stand today, this article plainly shows you how  
times have changed—and also why this article should  
be changed, ..... 26

## MOVIE REVIEW

A fantastic super-colossal movie review the likes of which  
you've never read—and will never want to read again!  
Not only will this spoof not make you want to see the  
movie—you'll want to picket outside the theatre! ..... 28

## SUPERFAN

The Adventure Comics Fanzine, that spoofs the current  
trend of long-underwear hero worship—and if you're a  
worshipper of long-underwear this one will make you  
itch! This parody is sure to spark new interest in comic  
books—everybody'll want to burn them! ..... 31

## UNRECEIVED CHRISTMAS GIFTS

An article listing famous Christmas gifts that were never  
received—and written by a fellow who won't receive his  
after doing this article! This feature will get you right  
into the Christmas spirit—after reading it you'll want  
to go out and get drunk! ..... 48

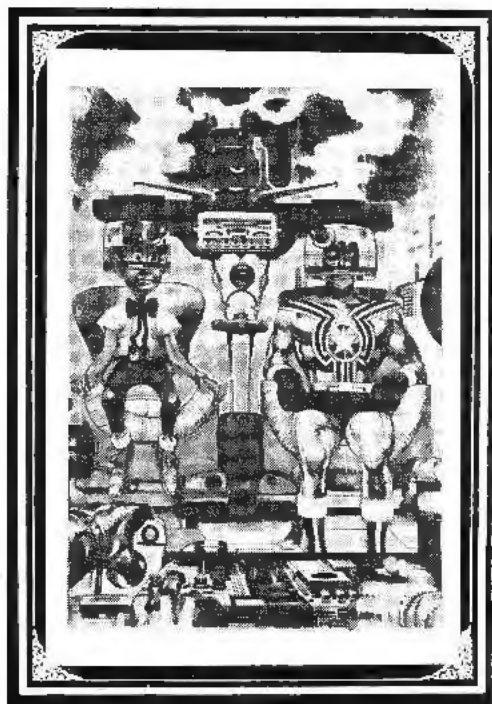
## ABOUT THE COVER

So many people wanted the original drawing appearing on  
our Front Cover that we figured a way for everybody to have  
one. Simply cut it out and frame. Have a miniature Pop Art  
masterpiece all your own.

Joe Simon, *Editor*... Bob Powell, *Art Director*... Melissa Jane, *Messages*  
Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent*... Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent*

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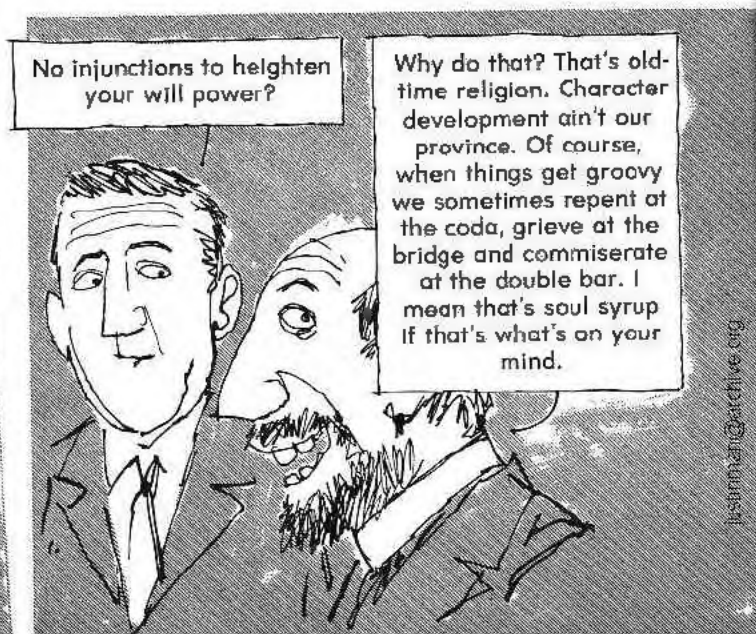
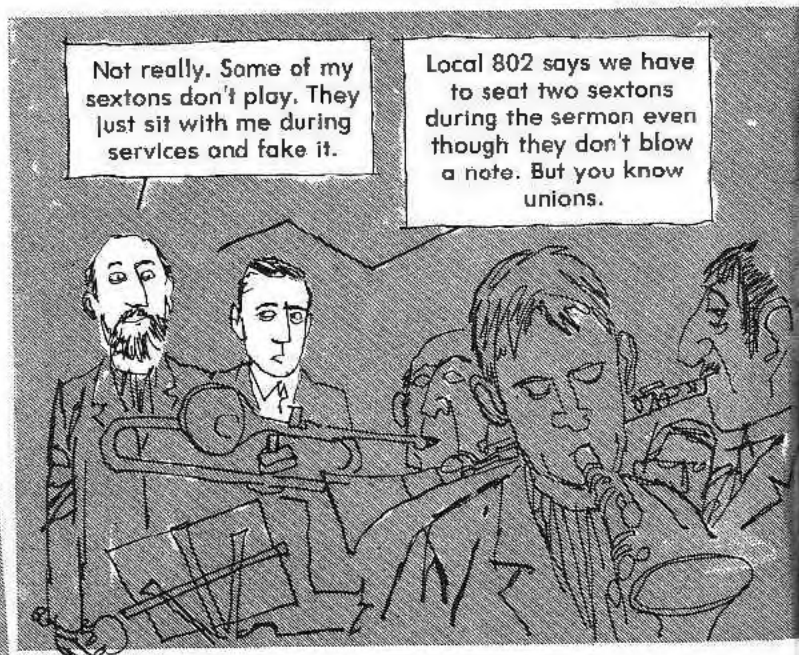
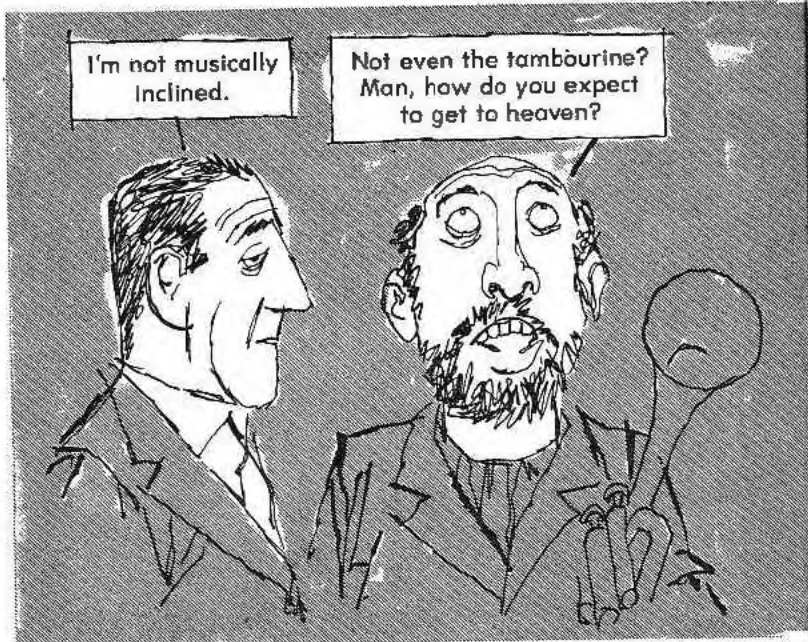
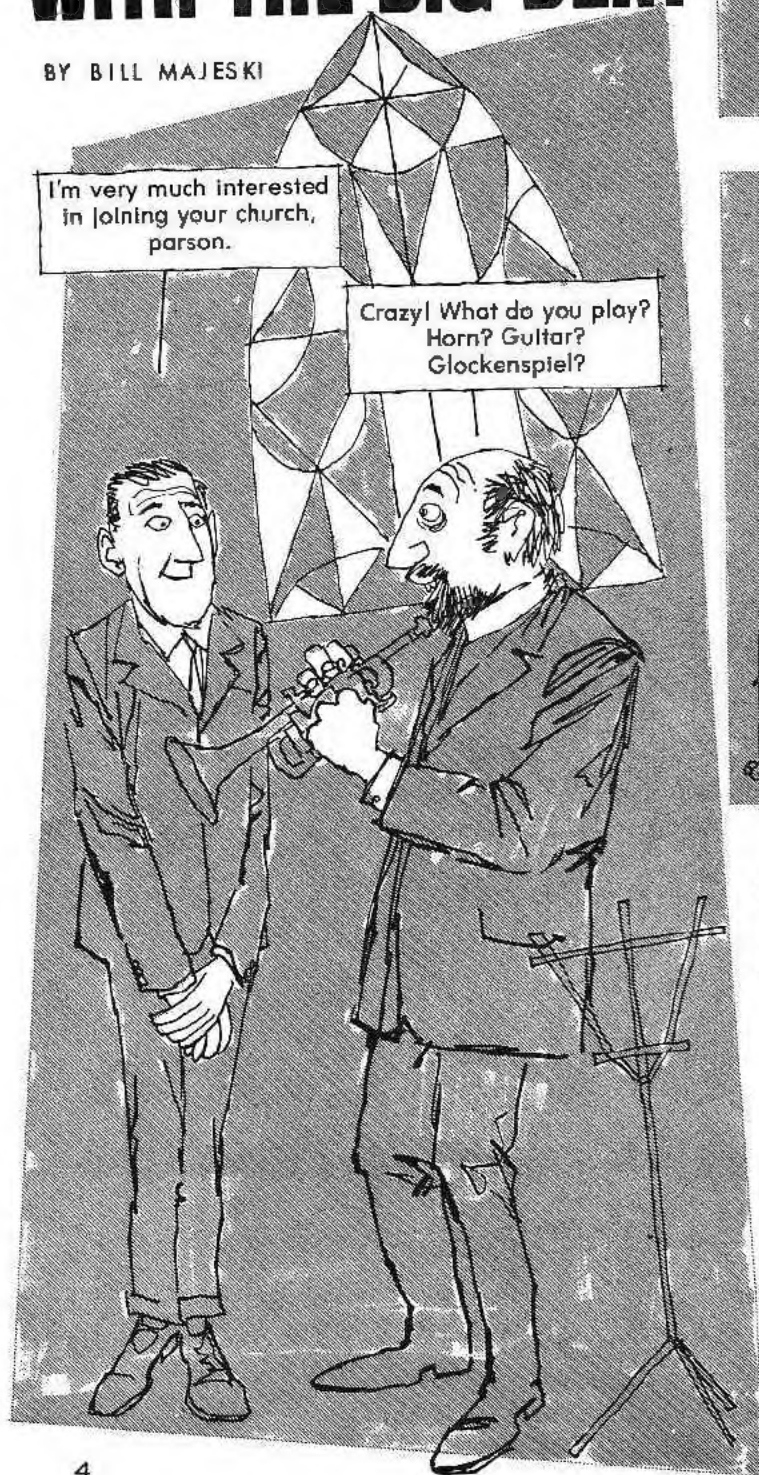
Jack Scott, *West Coast*  
Angelo Torres, *Pa.*  
Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*  
Bob Elliott, *Space*  
Jack O'Brien, *Florida*  
Fred England, *Texas*  
Ivan Golownjew,  
*Moscow*  
Calvin Castine,  
*Champlain*  
Dot Brooks, *N.J.*



The one big move in religion these days seems to be musical services. Jazz trios, quartets and shake-and-stomp groups are gaining ground, religion-wise. Rumors are that they are enlarging choir lofts all over New York City to accommodate the big bands. Let's see how a Jazz Parson handles a prospective convert to the new trend.

# RELIGION WITH THE BIG BEAT

BY BILL MAJESKI









Gentle Sirs:

The profiles of SICK staff members were really interesting. When can we expect the fronts along with a complete list of numbers?

Clarence L. Black Jr.  
590 South 22nd Street  
Columbus, Ohio

*Ed: What makes you think they have fronts?*

Dear Sick:

In your article "Status symbols for Non-status People", you left out status symbols for us clods. How come? I mean, after all, why not be fair to everyone?

Andrew Zuckuman  
18 Pulonnet Road  
Valley Stream, N.Y.

*Ed: The number-one status symbol for a clod is a copy of SICK.*

Dear Sick:

Your take off on the Addams Family was great. They're one of my favorite families. By the way, the man who was piloting the plane in your article should have had two stars, not one. He's a Major General. If Susan Becker and Dave Wayman don't like it, they know where they can go.

Andrea Polovsky  
242-03 149th Ave.  
Rosedale, N.Y.

*Ed: Why bring them into it?*

Dear Sick,

This is the first time I have read sick and I think it is very good! I will buy sick every month it is published.

George Hadjidakis  
36 Hrispou Street  
Athens, Greece

*Ed: "George" What a funny name.*

Dear Sick Finks,

Man, you should call your mag, "Sex" instead of "Sick". Just look at all those Skuzzy words in your Sept. #39 issue in "Darn Beat". But, aside from that I think your mag is boss.

Like, who's this fink from England who says us yanks are stink-

ing. (I oughta punch that tea-toddler right in the head!) Do you really print the letters you get?

Walter Christom  
201 Shawen Drive  
Hampton, Virginia

*Ed: No.*

Dearest Sick,

I want to tell you that your magazine is nice but it makes my dog sick. He "quivers" whenever he glances at the monster pictures you used to publish. You know, I like it that way because he bites, not the other people but me!

Say, I have a suggestion. Suppose you publish names strictly for those who wanted to have friends. For that your mag will become popular from pole to pole. Call that column like this—"Dearest" P.S. You're a wonderful editor, you know!

Rizetti Musni  
St. John Institute  
Sportives Hill  
Bautista, Pangasinan  
Philippines

*Ed: Rizzetti, baby, are you a boy or a girl?*

Dear Hottish Sick,

Just read your "Hottest-Ever Issue" and believe me I am burning!! You sure are the dirtiest, hottest and sickest yellow paged trash there is going, but why can't I help being drawn to your dirty charms? Whoever wrote "Lochinvar" must be twisted.

But as always, I enjoyed it. SICK is always so full of nice dirty surprises I forget the troubles of the world. Even my 6-year old daughter enjoys it.

Mrs. R. McNieve  
121 Branchsorre Rd.  
Singapore 15

*Ed: If you're ever in the states give us a ring.*

Ed:

In the August issue you said at the end of "The Man from U.N.C.L.E.":

"Thanks to the United Nations

Committee on Law Enforcement".

There's no such organization. It should have read:

"United Network Command for Law and Enforcement." Otherwise you mag is Sick.

Ann Jones  
206 Snyder St.  
Orange, New Jersey

*Ed: Nag, Nag, Nag!*

Dear Sirs:

A few days ago, a friend of mine lent me a Sick Magazine. I liked it very much. I would like a very big



picture of Huckleberry Fink to hang up in my room to show everyone.

Curtis Firstman  
300 Ft. Washington Ave.  
New York, N.Y.

*Ed: A lot of people would like to hang Huckleberry Fink.*

Dear Sickly Finks:

What do you guys have against Democrats? I like 'em! They're O.K. fine. In everything I read by you sick finks, you're always against us Dems!!

And the same with My Beatles! Elvis is OUT! The Beatles are IN! So are the Democrats! So get with it men, be KIND to us!!

Chris Taylor  
72 Third Street  
Allegany, N.Y.

*Ed: Don't make a fool of yourself Chris, the Beatles never once voted for a Democrat.*

Dear Sick:

I have an idea for your life parody. Why not call it DEATH or DEAD magazine. Thanks a lot.

Dennis Cooper  
995 Hampton Road  
Arcadia, California

*Ed: Forget it.*





Dear Sirs,

I would like to order 5 of the buttons which makes me a member of Sick Inner Circle.

Linda Helms  
2625 Maria Terrace  
Jackson, Miss.

*Ed: What are you planning, a march on our office?*

To Whom It May Concern:

Just what does it take to get a letter printed in your magazine anyway?

Terry R. Roark  
204 West King St.  
Lancaster, Penna.

*Ed: Humility.*

Dear Sick,

I changed my mind. Herman's Hermits, Elvis, and Loretta Lynn are wonderful. I still don't like the Rolling Stones. I apologize to Connie Hartman. I love the Beatles. Please print this: Nothing exciting ever happens in our town.

Tony Partridge  
Ware Shoals, S.C.

*Ed: You haven't looked in the right places.*

Dear Sick (and I mean SICK):

We in Tasmania would like to thank Frederick Devine Jr. for offering to send Gary Tremoloni to Tasmania, but there is one problem to solve—WE DON'T WANT HIM!

As for Elvis, the Stones, and the Hermits—you can keep them all (we don't want them either). If you want to hear a good group you ought to listen to the Deltones or Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs—they are (as we Australians are supposed to say)—"Fair Dinkum".

I would like to say in conclusion that it is no wonder that America is in the state that it is in if "Sick" is a typical example of American literature.

Joan Lawncston  
Tasmania,  
Australia

*Ed: That does it! We're sending troops to Tasmania.*

Dear Editor of the magazine that keeps America laughing,

I am writing in reference to the sudden disappearance of "Sick Sick World". What happened, did it die? I hope it makes a recovery or I may get mad.

Robert Alan Keller  
109 Creston Drive  
Pueblo, Colorado

*Ed: You said the magic word! It's back.*



Dear Sick,

Just thought you'd like to know that we have a Huckleberry Fink Club here in Pittsburgh, and that if he ever comes around here, we'll bash him over the head with it.

Jim Bates  
6630 Butler St.  
Pittsburgh 6, Pa.

*Ed: Another chain letter-writer! When are you going to stop bugging us!*

Dear Illiterates:

It is often wise to think twice before giving certain subjects a second thought. I've never written to a professional magazine before, and I don't intend to start now.

Terry R. Roark  
204 West King St.  
Lancaster, Pa.

*Ed: Didn't we get a letter from you recently? Like 10 seconds ago!*

Dear Ed,

Just recently my taste has been going bad—I've started to buy "SICK".

I'm not going to say I thoroughly enjoyed your "parodies"—they're not so hot. Your satires are worse. In fact the sole reason that I buy "SICK" is because of the letters to the editor (If there really is one!).

The disagreements that started between Gary Tremoloni, Dave Wayman and Frederick Devine Jr. are more thrilling than Peyton Place and Harlan Manillacopy

Sis Kidon  
549 S. 15<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>th St.  
Reading, Pa.

*Ed: Tell us, Sis, is there really a Reading, Pa.?*

## CLASSIC FRIED ADS

Classic Fried ads will be accepted at the editor's discretion and published without charge. If you have something to sell, swap, announce etc., take advantage of this ridiculous column.

### TRAVEL INFORMATION

If any of your readers would like to know anything about the Republic of Penelope (one of the few nations in the world with a stable government) (no, I don't mean it's made up of horses!), have them send all their questions to me because I am the world's greatest authority on that country (mainly because I invented it in the first place).

Bob Rozakis  
Republic of Penelope  
72 Joan Court  
Elmont, N.Y.

P.S. Please do not send questions directly to the Republic of Penelope as we do not have an agreement with the U.S. Post Office.

### BACK ISSUES

I have back issues of Sick Magazine and I would like to sell them. Please let me know if you know of a buyer. And if you don't know of a buyer will you also let me know.

Stephen Gordon  
3200 S. Sepulveda Blvd.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

\*Issue of Sick!

Vol. One #1-#2-#3-#4-#5-#6 At 50¢ Each  
Vol. Three #2 At 35¢

Plus 50% for postage  
(Only one of each)

### HELP WANTED

I just got a paper route, I have to get up at 4:00 in the morning. Help Me!

S. Storie  
N. Miami, Florida

### PERSONAL

Everyone knows it was Myron Smith. Kindly send all donations to:

Myron Smith  
19 Duke St.  
Matt, Mass.

### PEN PAL WANTED

Will the person who became a pal of my Bic fine-line pen please return it.

Al Chait  
114 Thomas St.  
Rochester, N.Y.

Want Sick Type Pen Pals from anywhere in the world, who Stamp Collect or Cover Collect, 13 and over. But whether you're a stamp collector or not, Glad to hear from ya, Sick people out there.

Peter R. Good  
310 W. James St.  
Dwight, Ill.

(Continued on page 47)

MOOD SONGS OF

# OSCAR LEVANT

(as sung to his analyst)

I Hear Voices And There's No One There,  
My Resistance Is Low  
Bewitched, Bothered And Bewildered  
Sometimes I'm Happy, Sometimes I'm Blue  
Why Was I Born  
You're Driving Me Crazy  
You Call It Madness

A SICK Recording

## THE NATION

Today a lot of movie stars who can't sing  
a note make records anyway in order to  
cash in on the heavy teenage buying in this  
field. Since it's such a lucrative market we

# the GREAT RECORD



A SICK Recording

JACKIE  
GLEASON'S

# Drinking SONGS

(accompanied by  
Frank & Dean)

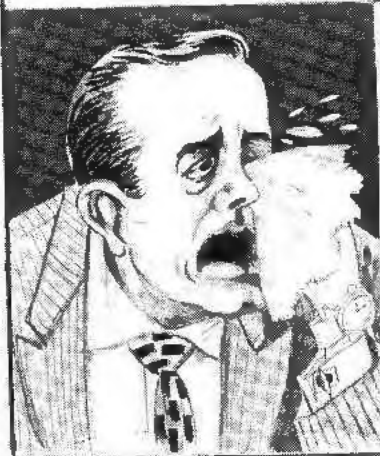
The High And The Mighty  
I'll Take Manhattans  
Comin' Thru The Rye  
Cocktails For Two  
The Stein Song  
High On A Windy Hill  
Little Brown Jug  
High Noon

A SICK Recording

CRY ALONG WITH

# JACK PAAR

A Real Tear-Jerker



I Cried For You  
Play Me Hearts And Flowers  
I'm Old-Fashioned  
I Get Mixed Emotions  
My Heart Cries For You  
Feudin', Fussin' An' A-Fightin'  
Too Late For Tears  
I'll Never Smile Again



figure that other celebrities should put out albums. Who knows? We may start a whole new trend in the music business with these...

# Society ALBUMS



OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD

## YUL BRYNNER

You Go To My Head  
The Surrey With  
The Fringe On Top

I Dream Of Jeannie  
With The  
Light Brown Hair

A SICK Recording

## JAYNE

IS BUSTIN' OUT  
ALL OVER

A 78-33 $\frac{1}{3}$ -45 Records

I've Got A Lovely Bunch  
Of Coconuts  
Hey, Look Me Over  
All Of Me  
Body And Soul  
Somethin's Gotta Give  
Jersey Bounce  
California Or Bust  
Fanny

A SICK Recording

## Sonny Liston

SINGS THE BLUES  
(as rendered by Cassius Clay)

I Got A Right To Sing The Blues  
Somebody Else Is Taking My Place  
Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

I'll Never Be The Same  
Just One More Chance

He's Got The  
Whole World  
In His Hands  
The Party's Over

A SICK Recording



IN THE WEE WEE HOURS

# MICKEY ROONEY

(for small phonographs only)

Little Things Mean A Lot  
Five Foot Two, Eyes Of Blue  
Someone To Watch Over Me  
Baby Face  
Sweet And Low  
Dream A Little Dream Of Me  
High Hopes

A SICK Recording



## AN EVENING WITH Dick and Liz FOR ADULTS ONLY

A SICK Recording

Under A Blanket Of Blue  
Nice Work If You Can Get It  
I Found A Million Dollar Baby  
The Things We Did Last Summer  
A Lovely Way To Spend  
An Evening  
I Couldn't Sleep A Wink  
Last Night



## GEORGIE JESSEL'S Love Songs

ACCOMPANIED BY  
AN ALL-GIRL  
ORCHESTRA

A SICK Recording

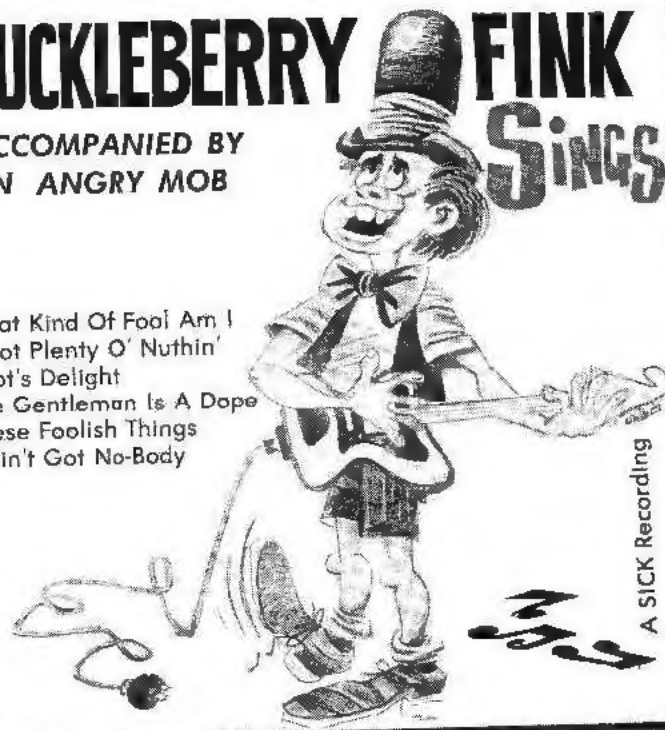
Thank Heaven For Little Girls  
I Found A New Baby  
Younger Than Springtime  
When You Were Sweet Sixteen  
Baby Won't You Please Come Home  
I've Told Every Little Star  
I Want A Girl  
Too Young  
Babes In Toyland



## HUCKLEBERRY FINK Sings

ACCOMPANIED BY  
AN ANGRY MOB

What Kind Of Fool Am I  
I Got Plenty O' Nuthin'  
Idiot's Delight  
The Gentleman Is A Dope  
These Foolish Things  
I Ain't Got No-Body



A SICK Recording



# POEMS OF THE GREAT SOCIETY

What's the matter?

Get up, you commies!



**A**

IN FOR U.S.A.  
THINK THEY'VE MANAGED TO  
CONVINCE IT AND  
ON WEDNESDAY'S END  
IN WAR, YOU'VE A FRIEND  
HATE A GOOD LIFE YOUR FORMS  
IN PLACETHE THEY GIVE YOU  
THE FINGER, YOU BUM!



**B**


IN THE MIDDLE  
AS A QUICKIE GROUP  
IF YOU DON'T THINK THEIR WAY  
THEY WOULD BOIL YOU IN SOUP  
HATING COMMIES IS FUN  
YES, IT REALLY CAN'T HURT CHA  
JOIN UP! BE A DAUGHTER OR  
SON OF A BUNNIE!

**C**

A STANDS FOR CASTLE  
THE LAD WITH A GARDEN  
WHO NOW IS THE DOG  
ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE  
IT ISN'T WORTH THE HUSSES  
PROVE AND THE  
HE WOULD NOT HAVE A POT  
NOR A HYDRAUNT NOR THE







**D** IS FOR DOCTOR  
THE HEALER IN WHITE  
ALWAYS THERE AT YOUR BEDSIDE  
JUST DON'T CALL HIM AT NIGHT  
HE'LL SLICE OUT YOUR APPENDIX  
HE WILL CURE ALL YOUR ILLS  
BUT YOU'LL HAVE A RELAPSE  
WHEN HE SENDS YOU HIS BILLS



**E** STANDS FOR ELECTIONS  
WHERE YOU CAN DECIDE  
WHO WILL GET INTO OFFICE  
AND HAVE A FREE RIDE  
SURE YOU CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO  
BUT THAT'S JUST HALF THE FUN  
FOR YOU NEVER CAN TELL OR GUESS  
WHO IS TO RUN



**G** STANDS FOR GEMS  
STUFFED IN NEW GARDEN BEDS  
WHAT IT COSTS FOR THE CURE  
I WOULD WORTH THAT PRICE  
FOR THE PRICE THAT'S ATTACHED  
TO EACH "MIRACLE" PORTION  
THOUGH YOU JUST BUY A DROP  
YOU FEEL YOU'VE GOTTEN AN OCEAN

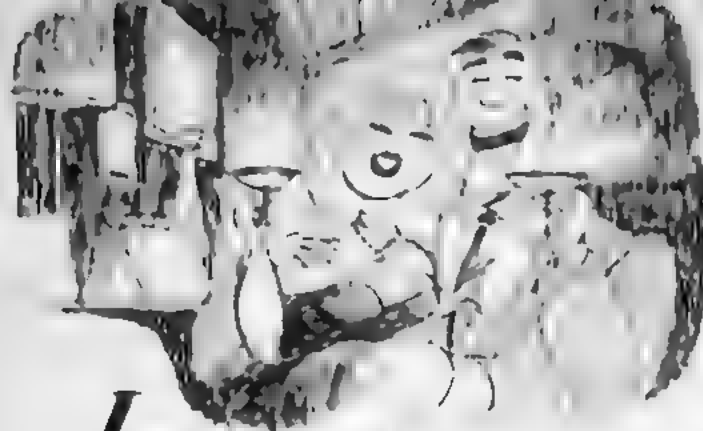


**F** IS FOR FALL OUT  
ATOMIC THAT IS  
IT MAKES HAIR FALL OUT  
AND YOUR KIDNERS' MILK FIZZ  
AND SEND YOUR UNBORNS  
STAY SET YOURS OFF WO-HEADED  
BUT THEY SAY THERE'S NO HARM  
SEE THE AD? THEY SAID IT



**H** IS OUR HOLLYWOOD  
HOME OF THE STARS  
WHERE KIDS HAVE EIGHT MOTHERS  
AND SEVENTEEN PAs  
IT MUST BE CONFUSING  
TO THE STARS WITH THE STARS  
TO HAVE TWO MOTHERS  
AND SEVENTEEN PAs

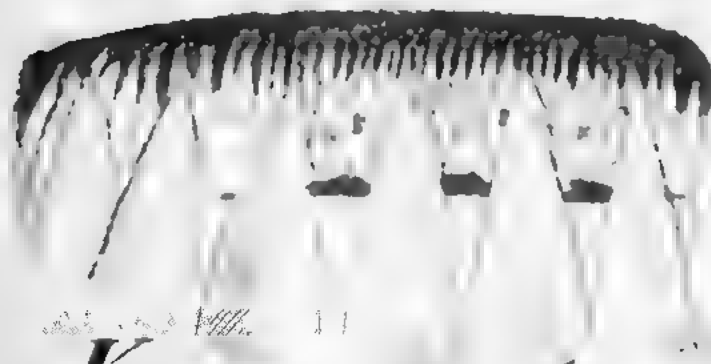




**I** STANDS FOR IVY  
A COLLEGE THAT'S "RIGHT"  
WHERE YOU CAN GOOF OFF  
AND CAROUSE THE WHOLE NIGHT.  
IT WON'T MATTER, IT'S TRUE  
FOR, WHEN YOU GRADUATE  
IT'S YOUR SCHOOL AND NOT YOU  
THAT EMPLOYERS WILL RATE



**J** IS FOR JUVENILE  
OFFENDERS, THAT IS  
JUST BE A TEEN-AGER  
AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE PRIS.  
GO ROBBING, GO MUGGING  
HAVE FUN WITH YOUR KNIFE  
YOU CAN ALWAYS GET OFF  
WITH, "I'VE HAD A SAD LIFE"



**K** STANDS FOR THE KLAN  
THE WHITE-ROBED K.K.K.  
WHO LIGHT CROSSES  
(CAUSE THEY FEEL IMPORTANT THAT WAY)  
IT MAKES THEM FEEL "BIG"  
IN A NIGHT RIDING MOB  
FOR, COMES MORNING THEY'RE BACK  
PUMPING GAS ON THEIR JOB



**L** IS FOR "LOLITA"  
A PRECOCIOUS BRAIN-CHILD.  
PEOPLE READ BOOKS LIKE THESE  
AND BOOKS EQUALLY WILD.  
THEN, THEY SAY, "IT'S OBSCENE!"  
AND PROCEED TO DOWN-RATE IT.  
BUT, THEY READ IT EIGHT TIMES  
(TO MAKE SURE THAT THEY HATE IT)

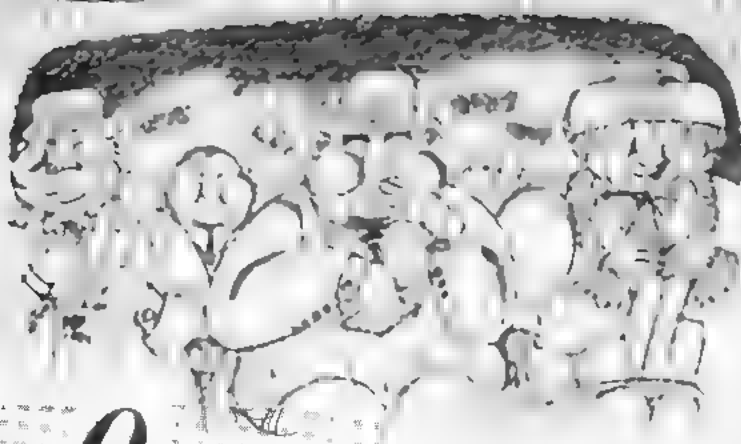


**M** STANDS FOR MOM  
A FELLER'S BEST FRIEND  
HIS BEST GIRL AND HIS FATHER  
ONCE SHE STARTS, THERE'S NO END.  
SHE WILL TAKE ALL THEIR PLACES  
FOR, SOME MOMS ARE NO SLOUCHES  
THAT'S WHY SONNY MAY SPEND  
HALF HIS LIFE ON DOC'S COUCHES



**N** IS FOR NEUROSIS  
OUR MENTAL HEALTH'S SLIPPING  
THE TIMES ARE SO TENSE  
THAT MORE PEOPLE ARE FLIPPING  
I WOULD NOT BE SURPRISED  
TO SEE OFFICE SIGNS STATING  
THE DOCTORS (LIKE BARBERS)  
THREE COUCHES, NO WAITING!





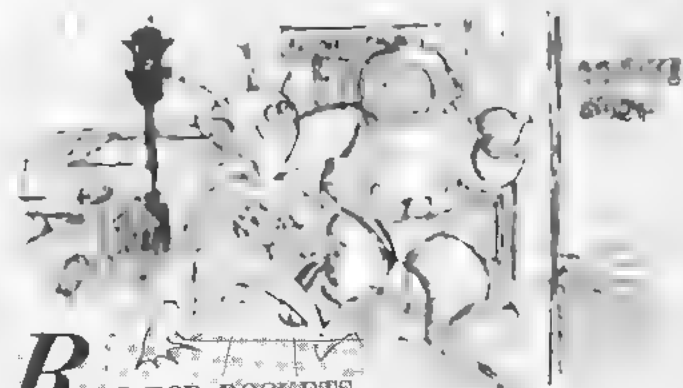
**O** IS FOR OSCAR  
THE STARS' TOP AWARD  
THAT THEY GIVE TO SOME  
ACTOR OR ACTRESS WHO SCORED.  
BUT, AN OSCAR SHOULD GO  
TO THE POP-CORN CONCESSION  
THE BEST PART OF MOST PICTURES  
THAT'S THIS CRITIC'S IMPRESSION



**P** IS FOR PENTAGON  
A FIVE-SIDED JOINT  
WHERE GUYS FROM ANNAPOLIS  
MEET GUYS FROM WEST POINT  
IT'S NOT TRUE THEY DO NOTHING  
THEY ARE ALWAYS AT WAR  
(FOR THE FAVORS OF WACS  
ON THE TWENTY-FIRST FLOOR)



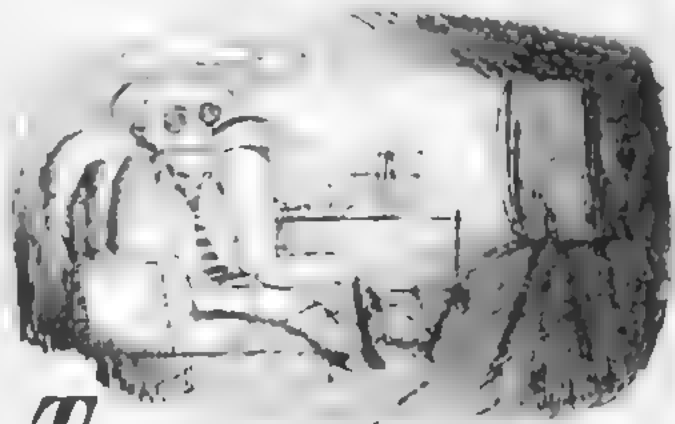
**Q** STANDS FOR QUESTIONS  
THAT PEOPLE CAN'T STAND  
ESPECIALLY PEOPLE WHO  
RUN OUR "FAIR" LAND  
THEY WILL QUESTION YOUR WEALTH  
TILL YOU THROW IN THE TOWEL  
BUT, JUST QUESTION THEIR HOLDINGS  
AND HEAR THEM SHOUT, "FOUL!"



**R** IS FOR ROCKETS  
TO SEND TO THE MOON  
MAN IS SO "ADVANCED"  
HE SHOULD REACH THIS GOAL SOON  
BUT, IF EARTH MAN RUNS INTO  
SOME "UN-EARTHLY" BUNCH  
IS HE READY TO TAKE OUT  
A MARTIAN TO LUNCH?



**S** STANDS FOR STATUS  
THAT'S WHERE A GUY STANDS  
IT MEANS WHAT'S HIS JOB?  
AND WHAT DOUGH HE COMMANDS.  
MORE IMPORTANT'S THE LATTER  
WHO CARE'S WHAT'S HIS JOB?  
IF IT DOESN'T PAY OFF  
THEN HIS STATUS IS SLOB



**T** STANDS FOR TV  
THAT THE IRONIC SLOB  
THAT'S SERVED DAY AND NIGHT  
TILL YOUR EYEBALLS GO POP!  
AN INSULT TO YOUR BRAINS  
AN ASSAULT ON YOUR EARS  
BUT IT'S NICE FOR THE SPONSORS  
OF RAZORS AND BEERS





**V** STANDS FOR USELESS  
LIKE YOUR LAST YEAR'S CAR  
DRIVE IT ON TO THE JUNK HEAP  
IT'S STARS ARE THE STARS  
FOR IT WE ALL KILT HIDEN  
THE SAME BATTERED HEAR  
THEY WOULD CLOSE UP THE COUNTRY  
AND WED ALL GO TO SLEEP



**W** HAT YOU DO WITH IT  
WHILE IT'S STILL IN THE  
HANDS OF THE PEOPLE  
THE REST? JUST PEASANTS, CHUM  
BUT THEY CANNOT AFFORD  
TO THROW THEIR PLYMOUTH ROCKS  
THE "FIRST PEOPLE" WORE FEATHERS  
AND MET THEM AT THE DOCKS



**W** HAT YOU DO WITH IT  
HOME OF EACH PRESIDENT  
HE GETS THERE ON COOL CASH  
AND IS NOT HEAVEN-SENT  
FOR TO GET HIM ELEVEN  
NOW GETS INTO MILLIONS  
ROOM, WELL CHOICE OF NEW LEADERS  
FROM WESTERN DISCOVERY



**X** STANDS FOR THE X  
THAT WE MADE ON THE BALLOT  
IN THE WAY WE CHOICE TO ANIMATE  
REASONABLE VARIOUS  
BUT YOU FOR A MAN  
CAME, HOW REALLY A JUDGE  
THE I AM, THE WANTS ANIMATE  
OTHER DO ANIMATE



**Y** IS FOR YOUTH  
IN AN INDUSTRY HERE  
TO LOOK YOUNG WOMEN  
IN THE MILLIONS EACH Y EAR  
THEIR DAY, PART IN THE YOUTH  
AND AHEAD, BURNING  
TO MAKE WITH A YOUNG  
EYES FOR BURNING

**Z** IS FOR ZEN  
A PHOENIX, WITH  
TO APPEAR, THE NEW  
THE MEAN OF A CHILD  
FOR THE NEW THE BURNED  
SO THAT CAN BURNING  
WAVE BURNED IN THE SOUND  
OF THE CLAP OF THE HAND

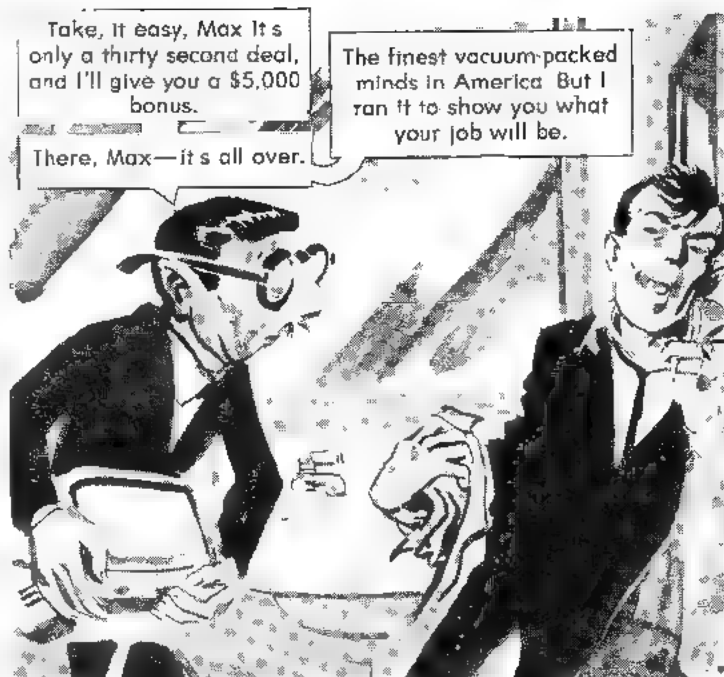


A former junior executive of Proctor and Gamble was recently accused of attempting to sell the secret plan of the company's million dollar Crest toothpaste program to the Colgate-Palmolive Co. for a measly \$20,000—which shows what kind of a


business head he had! This is just one example of the new look in business, where spying on your competitor and stealing his secrets is all part of the game, and if it continues to grow—scenes like the following may become commonplace as we follow a day in the life of

# EXECUTIVE SPY

SCENE OFFICE OF FILCH AND PURLOIN, PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS SECURITY GUARDS, DIVORCES BUSINESS SECRETS STOLEN. THE PRESIDENT, SILAS CROOK, IS SPEAKING TO HIS TOP AGENT, MAX GONIF








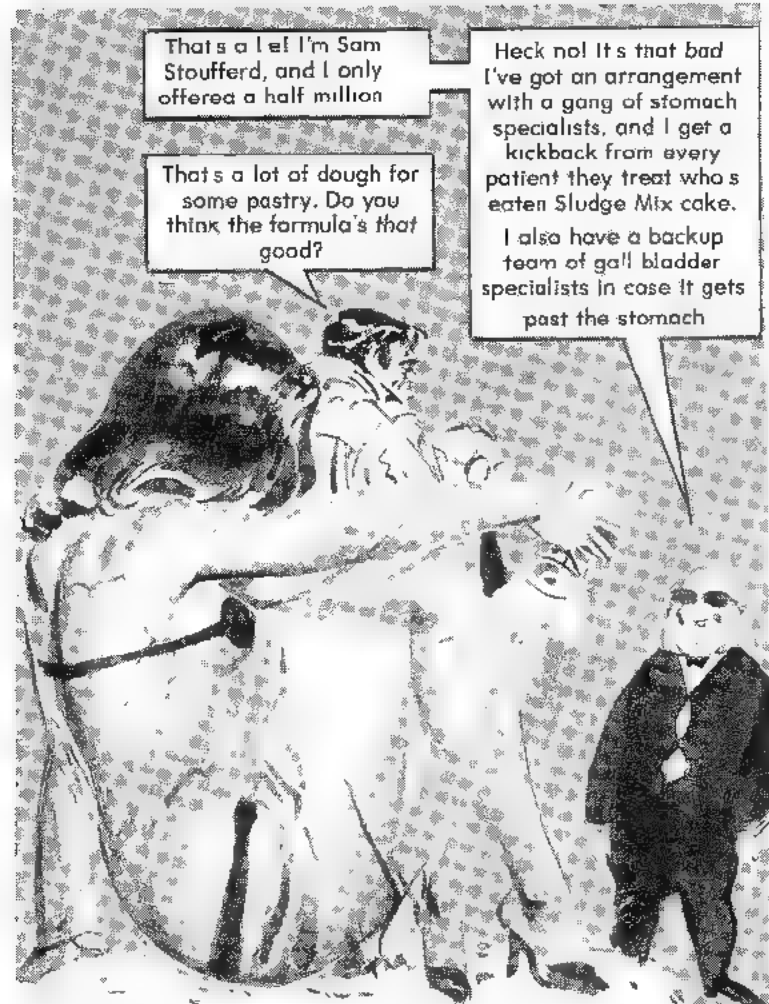
AHA! DUNCAN HANDS!  
So you're trying the dirty,  
dishonest trick of trying  
the Secret Ingredient  
instead of the dirty, dis-  
honest trick of buying it  
for re-sale like I am.

Steal? What's to steal?  
Boy -this plot is  
screwed up more than a  
James Bond script. I was  
just lurking around to  
admire the scenery —  
which is Sally in that  
filmy negligee.



You ought to be ashamed,  
using this sweet,  
innocent, drunken little  
girl

Innocent my foot, Max  
Goniff! Oh sure I know  
you and your reputation  
as the best Executive Spy  
in the biz. But this In-  
nocent little girl is work-  
ing for Stoufferds — who  
are willing to pay a cool  
million for the Secret  
ingredient.




That's a lot! I'm Sam  
Stoufferd, and I only  
offered a half million

That's a lot of dough for  
some pastry. Do you  
think the formula's that  
good?

Heck no! It's that bad  
I've got an arrangement  
with a gang of stomach  
specialists, and I get a  
kickback from every  
patient they treat who's  
eaten Sludge Mix cake.

I also have a backup  
team of gall bladder  
specialists in case it gets  
past the stomach



It looks like a stalemate,  
gentlemen. We all have  
fortunes to spend to get  
the Secret Ingredient  
but no one knows where  
it is except Betty Cracker.

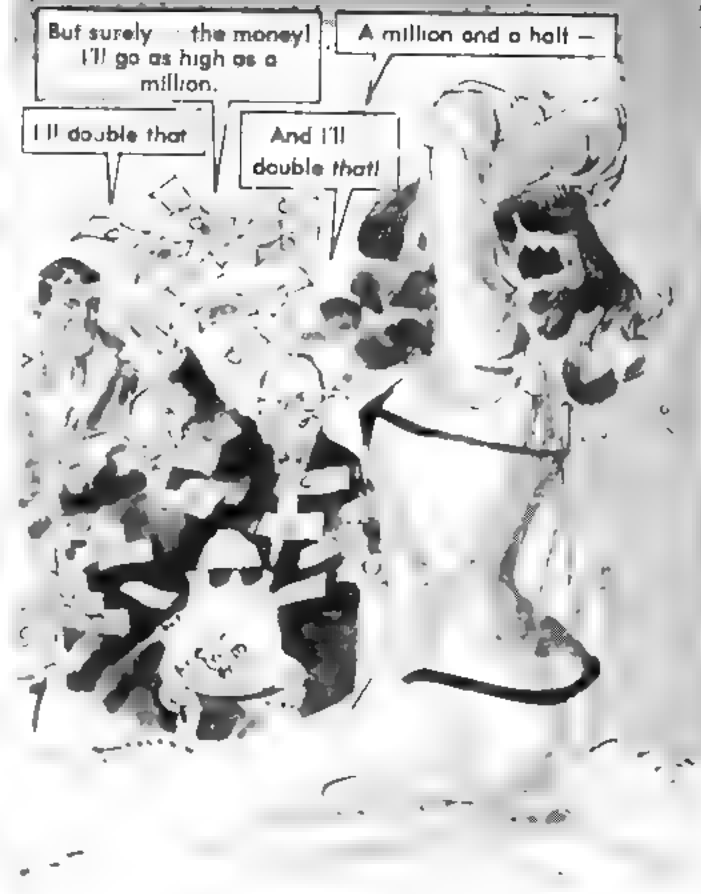
I'm not selling my formula  
to anyone.

Nothin' says lovin' like  
somethin' in the oven.



YOU! YOU'RE BETTY CRACKER!

I just thought I'd see how far you'd go with this underhanded industrial espionage bit.



But surely the money! I'll go as high as a million.

A million and a half —

I'll double that

And I'll double that!



Thanks — you rats — but the formula goes to Max. At least he's honest about doing a job — no matter how low and rotten he is. Besides, I like the way he mixes drinks.

Gee, Betty Cracker, I don't know how to thank you! I get the Secret Ingredient for free.

Not exactly, chum. Not for free.


What's the catch, baby?



Real simple, sugar. You take the Secret Ingredient, and in return you do me a favor.

Now there's a little bakery up in Pennsylvania that makes the most divine apple turnovers...






O.K. chief. I'll get the secret ingredient—but first, I'll get the girl.


Pleasure before business has always been our motto. But don't touch the cake. I want you back alive.

That evening.



Excuse me, Max, while I slip into something more comfortable. You can make us some drinks while you're waiting. The Betty Crocker Cocktail Mix with the Secret Ingredient is right over there on the table.

Gosh, I wonder where she has the Secret Ingredient hidden? I guess I'll have to ply her with liquor—the tried and true, spy-tested method to get her to reveal the hiding place.




Here's to us, Sally, I'm so glad I met you, and may we share all our secrets together.

Secrets? Why Max—I'll tell you I have no secrets.

Not even one little secret? Like the Secret Ingredient in Betty Crocker's Sludge Mix?

Say, buster, just who are you?



Let's say I'm a man who knows he can afford \$20,000 for the million-dollar formula.

What's that?!!

by Jim Atkins

IF THE WORLD really is sick, it's because people don't laugh enough. This magazine is dedicated to making you laugh. But this doesn't always happen. Try to tell people something, and immediately you get too serious. I don't take myself too seriously. I just ran my self through an adding machine and found out I don't amount to much.

SOME PEOPLE have noticed that a well known comedian uses some of my jokes on television. And that I use some of his jokes in SICK. We have a working arrangement I steal some of his jokes and he steals some of mine. I guess that just the way the Autumn leaves

NORTON MOCKRIDGE, NY World Telegram and Sun (more names to be added later) columnist has asked: "What's happening to the fun in newspapers?" He, like all of us finds that the press takes itself too seriously. I guess that's just the way the meat loafs

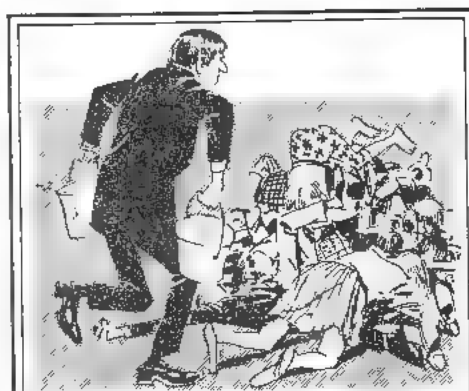
IT IS AGAINST the law for un married women to parachute in Florida on Sunday. Ah chute. I can only say that that's the way the kitchen sinks.

IN RUSSIA, two cosmonauts got married and now have a child. They're so happy they're in orbit.

# W Sick Sick Sick World

I guess their child could be called a cosmotot? Just thought I'd ask. That new song that is "in" at Kilby Prison, Montgomery, Alabama: 'Crime on My Hands.' Other popular songs there are: "A Felony Needs A Girl," and "Three Cons in the Fountain." That's the way the bar flies.

BACK TO LAUGHTER... Somebody is doing something about laughter. George Q. Lewis, head of National Laugh Foundation, will teach you to laugh. He advises you to limber up your face by smiling, grinning, etc. "It may seem silly, but so are laughing exercises," he says, laughingly. Then you can go on to advanced laughter, such as 'the chuckle, the animal laugh, the guffaw and the motor boat laugh.' His most famous graduate of laughter school is "Mr. Giggles," who has recorded an album of laughter



The newest dance craze is "The Dying Fish." The dancers make gulping sounds for 10 seconds, then fall on the dance floor, make a couple of fish like gasping sounds. Then they lie on the floor motionless for the remainder of the song. They get up when someone pours water in their faces.

You can get fed up with anything. Now the Navy has gotten fed up with overfed sailors. In the armed forces, you don't just tell people not to eat more. You have to write a memo and use a lot of jargon, otherwise any idiot could do your job. So the Navy has now instructed commanders to crack down on men guilty of "dietary indiscretion."

Fat sailors can now be kicked out of the Navy

Doctors are ordered to report to commanders any men who become flabby

What the Armed Forces really needs to do, is be on the lookout not for men with fat bodies, but for men with fat heads, who talk about "dietary indiscretion."



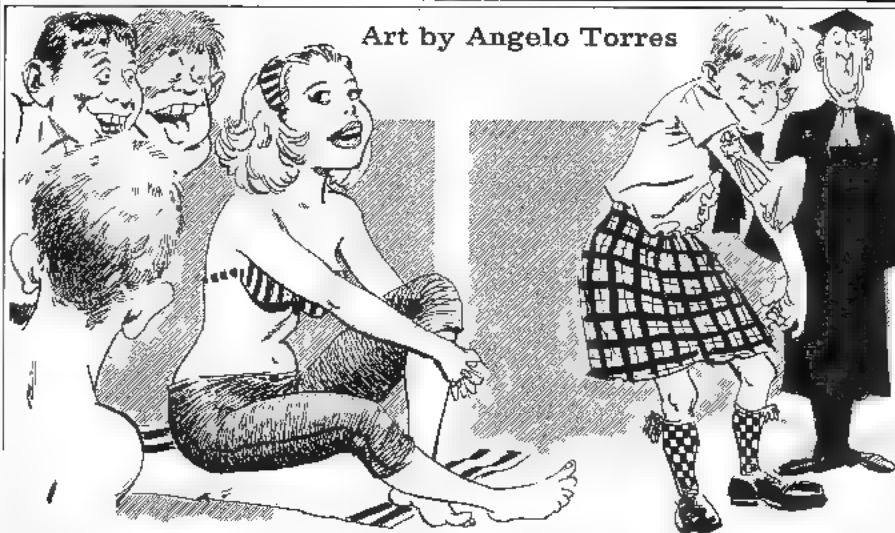
Woody Allen says his ex-wife was a philosophy major. "We always had deep philosophical discussions," he says. "She always proved that I didn't exist."

MAN WITH PULL... Ill. State Representative Harold Katz has a lot of pull. While pulling the electronic voting switch on his desk in the Ill. House he sprained his back, and now he's ill

In Stoke on Trent, England, 20 local wives formed a club to oppose the Henpecked Husbands Club. Their Club is called "The Domineers." Their badge shows a woman smashing a plate over a man's head. I tried to join the Henpecked Husbands Club, but my wife wouldn't let me.



Art by Angelo Torres



From the *Alabama U. Sundial*: "Did you hear about the chickens that ate racing forms and are now laying odds?" Or, Dr. Ling Poo stated in the *Sundial* that, "Tight clothing does not stop a girl's circulation. The tighter her clothes, the more she circulates."

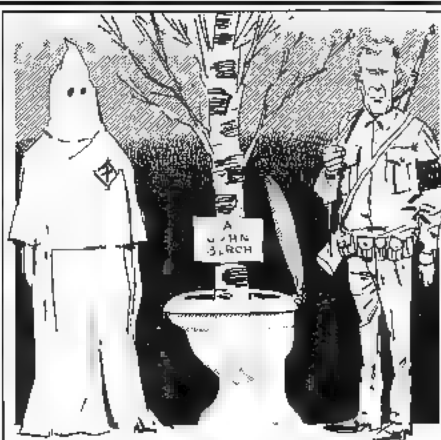
A 15-year-old Scottish student, John Gardiner, had some trouble with a nude tattoo. It was on his arm. His headmaster wouldn't let him come to school so John had a tattooist draw a skirt and blouse over the shapely figure, and now he's back in school.

THE AP SAYS that an Indian went fishing in Nyasaland and lost his wristwatch. Later his brother, fishing nearby, caught a bass, and when they cleaned the fish, they found the watch inside still ticking. "I know it sounds fishy, but it's true," said the Indian. This might be a good time to ask, "How?" Frankly, this story sounds to me like an old timer... Or as Napoleon Jones once said: "If I come back before I arrive, hold me until I get here."

In Mexico City, parkers have been complaining \* so much about the attendants and their fender-denting parking, that the city will force them to get drivers' licenses.

\* \* \*

From the *Indianapolis Star*: "The Communists should note that the new Army underwear can be taken off in 10 seconds. This means the U.S. has the fastest drawers in the West."



You can always tell a real patriot. He wants to overthrow the government.

Wilson Mizner says that a fellow who is always declaring he's no fool usually has his suspicions.

George Bernard Shaw said: "My method is to take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say, and then to say it with the utmost levity." He also said: "Life is a disease; and the only difference between one man and another is the stage of the disease at which he lives." Now the question is: Why was a man as brilliant as Shaw so pessimistic? If you have the answer to this, please send it to Lenny Bruce, if you can find out what jail he's in. Bruce has nothing to do with this, I just like to mention his name. I don't know why, I guess because he's so famous. If you know why I like to mention his name, don't write me about it. I'm just not interested.

Guess what Jayne Mansfield is proud of. It's a statistic. The number is 164.

That's her IQ. Now we know how smart she really is. She's also proud of another statistic—41-18-35½.

She wants to play more serious roles and to utilize her high IQ. But she's smart enough to still play some dumb blond roles.

These interviews with movie stars are always interesting. Nobody ever checks facts, they just print what the star says.

One time a well known actress was given the wrong interview material. When reporters questioned her she told them she used to be a boxer before she got into show business.



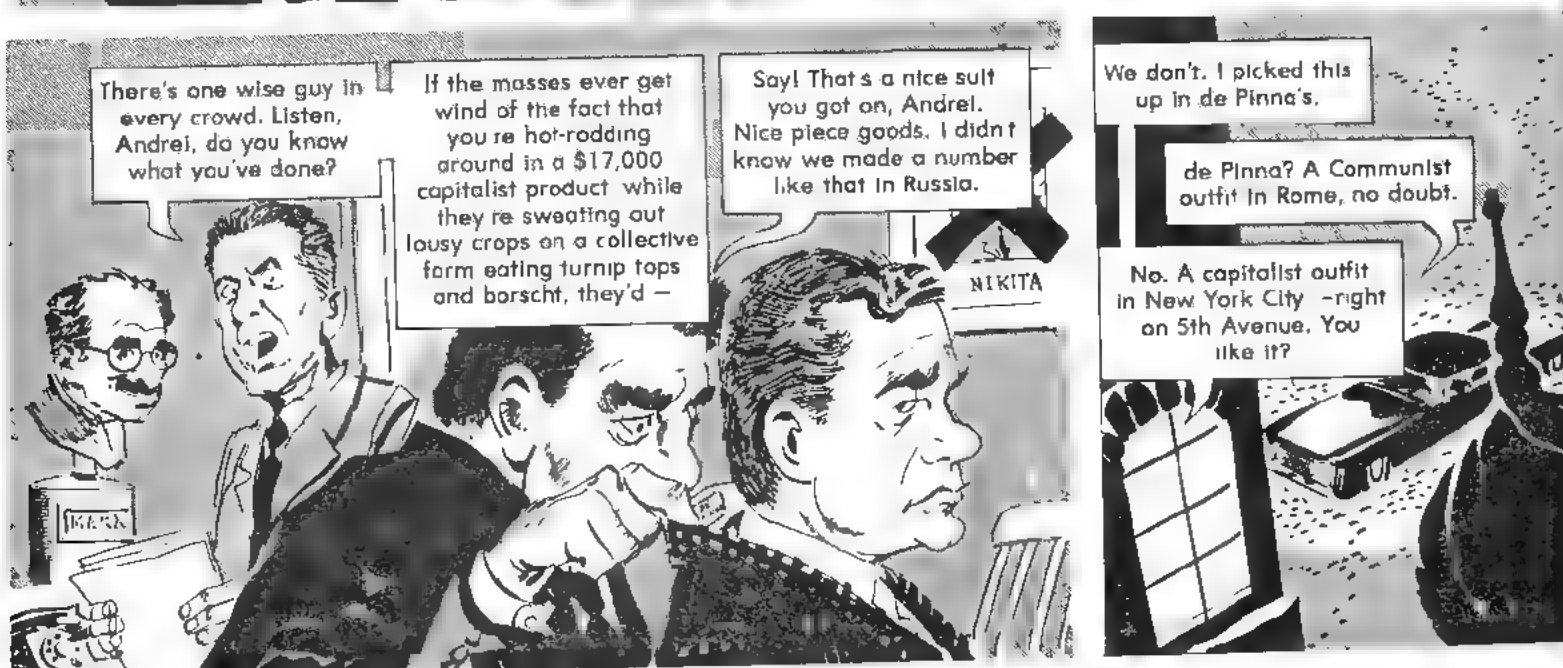
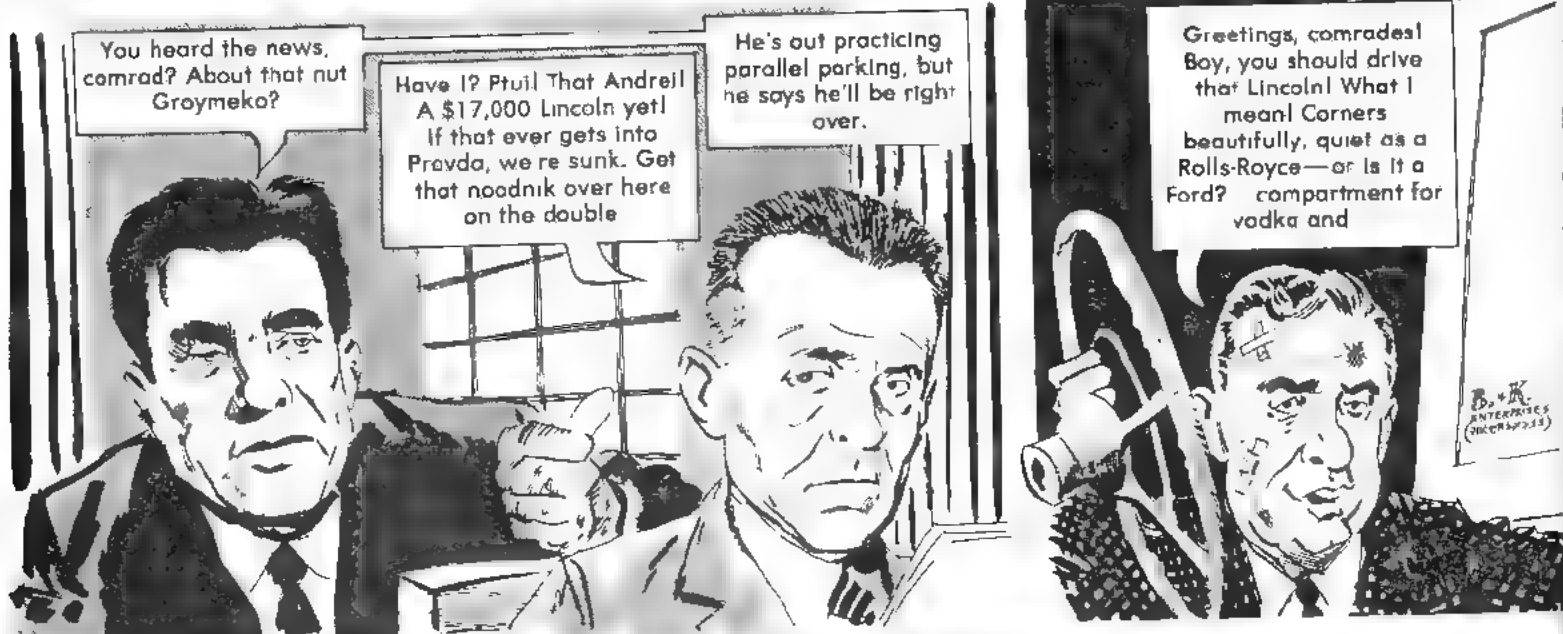
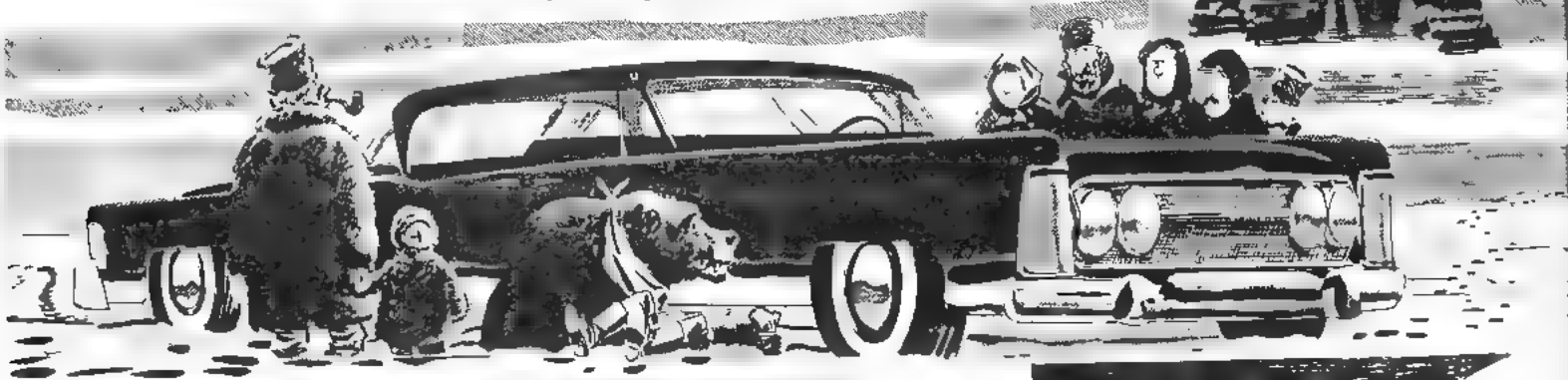
Press agents are weird people. I knew one press agent who was broken, and went around leaking stories.

Press agents also are supposed to send columnists jokes they want attributed to their clients. They don't service *this* column. If they'll just send us the name of their client, I'll write the joke and put it in the column.

Recently a \$17,000 Lincoln Continental was purchased for shipment to Lenin-grad, and intended for use by Foreign Minister Groymeko. With the shades of Marx and Engels looking over their shoulders, we imagine his bosses' reaction was something like this.

Art by Angelo Torres  
Script by Bob Elliott

# Report from Moscow





Like it? I love it. Mind  
if I try on the jacket?

Not at all. We're about  
the same size.

Say, this is rich! What  
a feel to the material!  
So how much?

200 rubles.

Leapin' Lenin! That's more  
than the average working  
man gets in a month of  
no Sundays.

I know, baby, but I'm not  
the average working man.  
Now—what about the  
Lincoln Continental?

Well, Andrei—we're  
always yapping about  
the class struggle, and  
the great Commie—  
pardon, Communist state,  
and sacrifice and state  
ownership, and all that  
crap, and you wreck the  
image by converting to  
capitalism—

Theoretically. Couldn't  
you have bought a tractor  
or a bulldozer?

Ever try to get a good  
looking dame to go out  
in a tractor? Besides,  
the bill-of-lading says  
"Tank. For military use  
only."

So who's to know? But  
I promise to drive it only  
at night

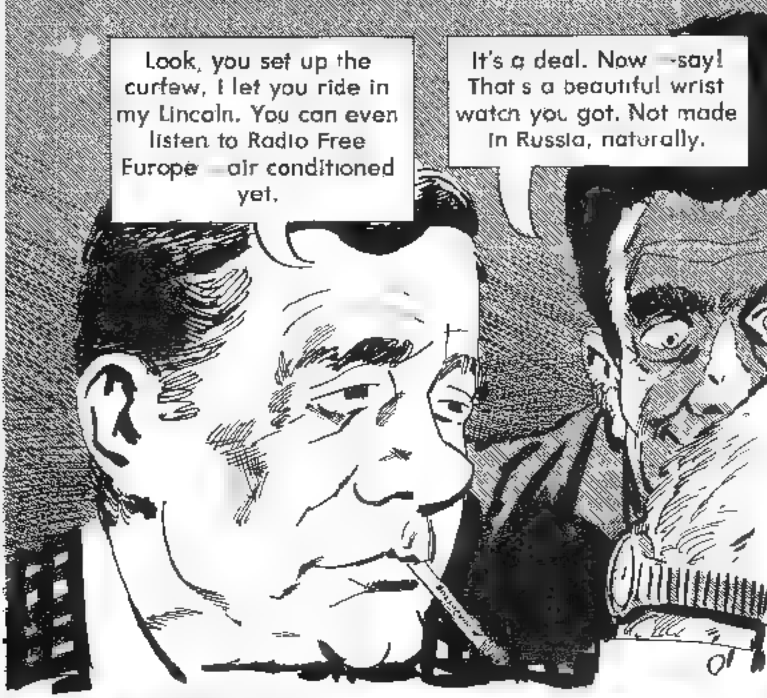
Some miserable  
peasant's bound to see  
it and ask questions.

So we establish a curfew.  
Everyone off the streets  
by 7 P.M. or we liquidate  
the whole country. Phrase  
it nicely, of course

I don't know, Andrei.  
The people are getting  
pretty hep.

Hip, Leonid

US BOLSHEVIK  
SMOKE AS WOULD  
HATER SWICH  
THAN FIGHT



Look, you set up the curfew, I let you ride in my Lincoln. You can even listen to Radio Free Europe — air conditioned yet.

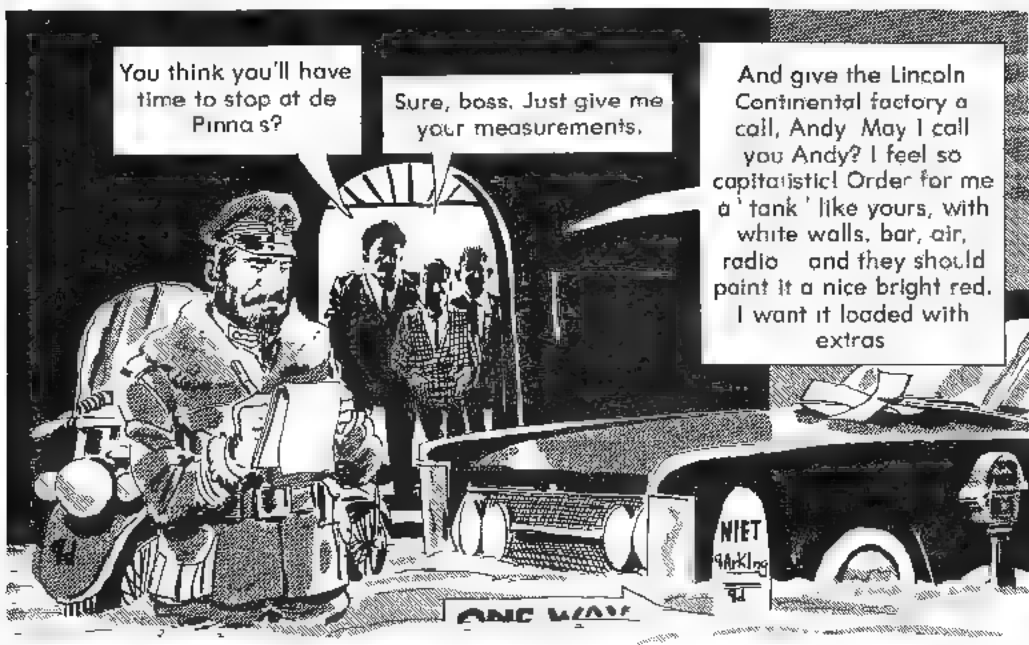
It's a deal. Now — say! That's a beautiful wrist watch you got. Not made in Russia, naturally.



Naturally. Like it?

Boyoboy! Listen, comrade when you going to America next?

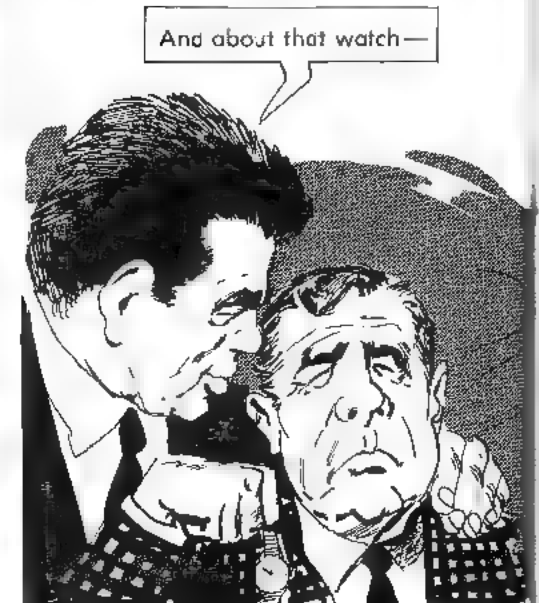
Tomorrow. I'm stopping off to see that fink Castro before I go to the Dominican Republic for my capitalistic aggression speech, and on the way back I stop off at the UN to deliver my usual war-mongering speech leveled at the United States and the John Birch Society.



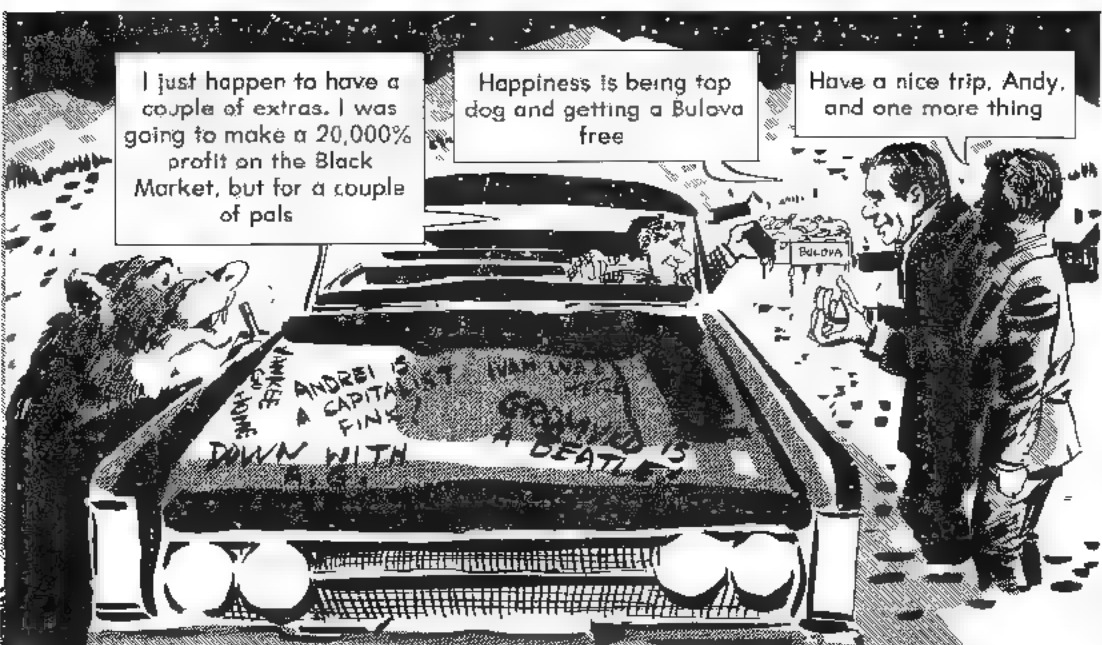
You think you'll have time to stop at de Pinna's?

Sure, boss. Just give me your measurements.

And give the Lincoln Continental factory a call, Andy. May I call you Andy? I feel so capitalistic! Order for me a 'tank' like yours, with white walls, bar, air, radio — and they should paint it a nice bright red. I want it loaded with extras



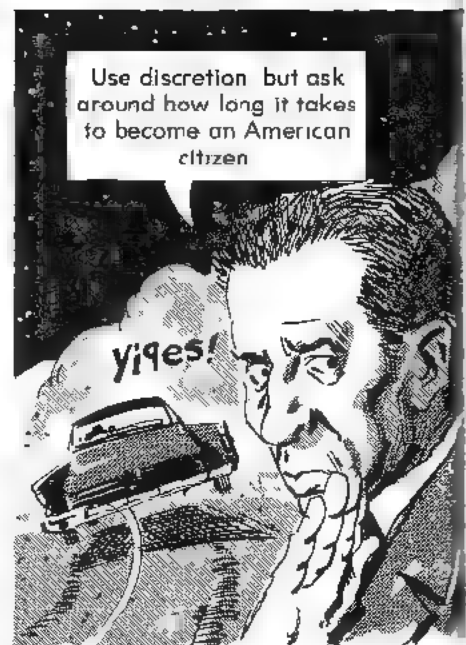
And about that watch —



I just happen to have a couple of extras. I was going to make a 20,000% profit on the Black Market, but for a couple of pals

Happiness is being top dog and getting a Bulova free

Have a nice trip, Andy, and one more thing



Use discretion but ask around how long it takes to become an American citizen

yikes!



# ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINK The TRAVELER

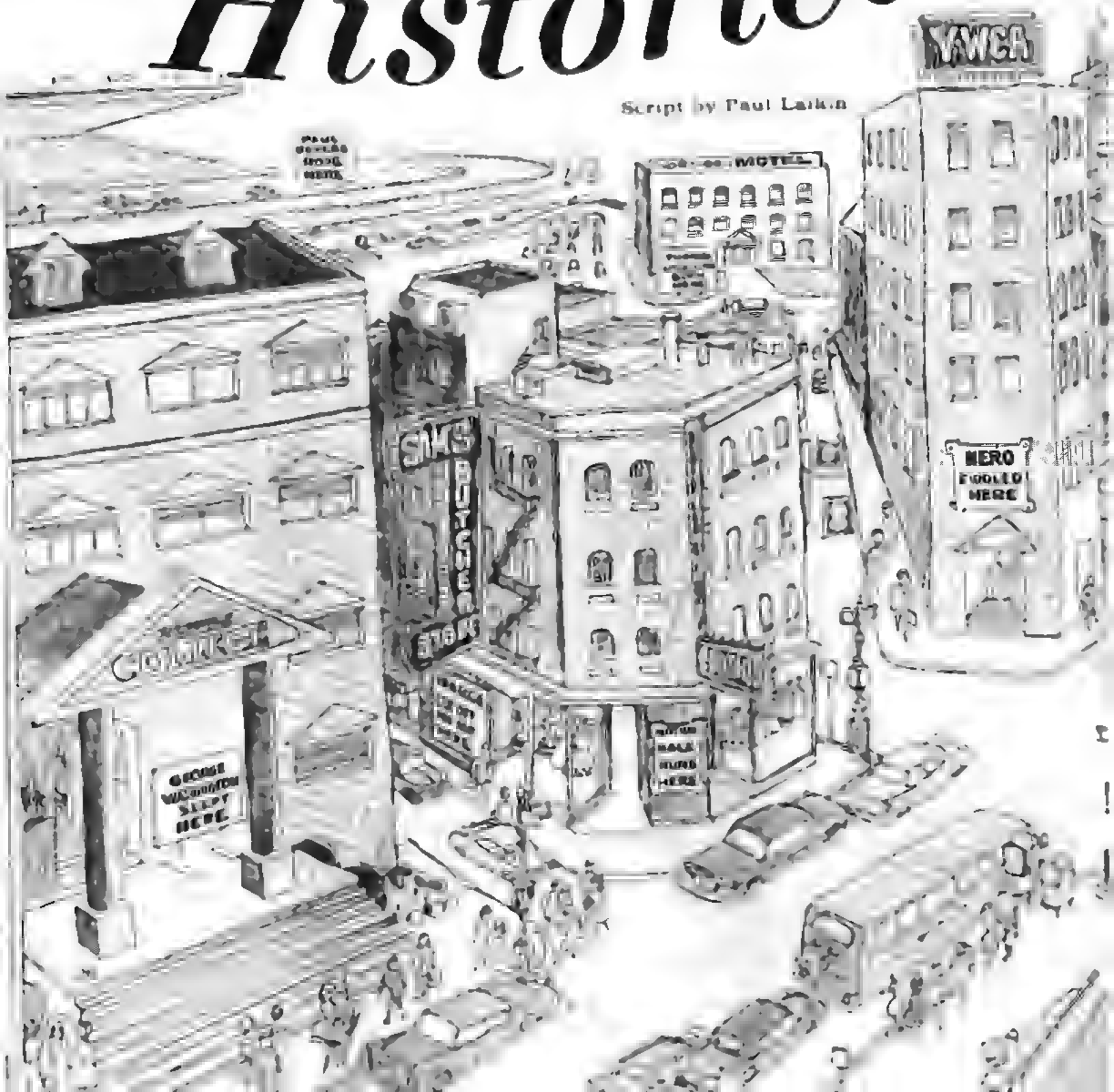
Art by Vic Martin



Traditionally, historic events of importance are commemorated by a sign or plaque on the spot where it happened. Through the years, however, changes have been made and the surroundings become quite different. Often there is a great contrast, as with these...

# Historical

Script by Paul Larkin

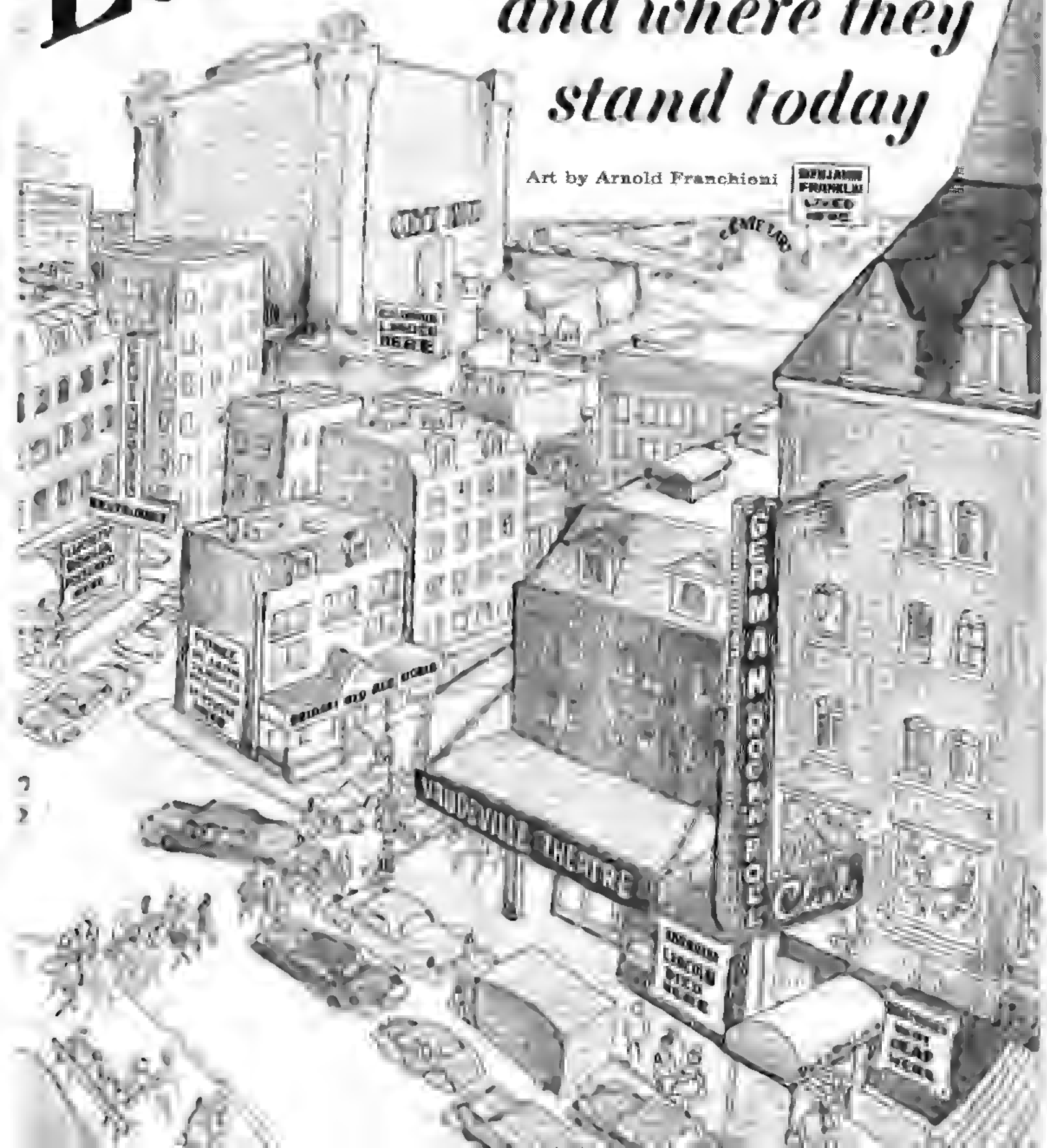




# Landmarks

*and where they  
stand today*

Art by Arnold Franchioni



## BEACH PARTY A-GO-GO

This is the beach party movie to end all beach party movies. And this may very well happen after people see it. It's an adult beach party movie. This means there aren't any guitars, Watusi dancing, surfboard riding or Frankie Avalon. There are only two people in it—sort of a private beach party. This beach is so exclusive it has an unlisted ocean.

Here we have a simple love story of two people stranded on a beach together. The story is so simple that it wasn't even written. The two people were thrown together and told to fake a story. They did so well that you know the story's a fake. It's so realistic that you get a sunburn watching it.

The movie stars Conn Seanery as James Blonde, a fun-loving, thrill-seeking, tear-jerking, gal-chasing young beachcomber who's got a way with women. In fact, he's gotten away with more women than you can shake a stick at. Moreover, he has to shake a stick at some to get them out of his hair. Co-starring with him is Arsula Undress as Gussy Palore, who plays the part of a female beachcomber. She only works female beaches. Arsula is the type whose bathing suit never gets wet. This is because she never wears one. They can't even arrest her for indecent exposure. As a matter of fact, it's the most decent exposure in the film. She's there to decorate the scenery and we see a lot of great interior decorating. Also posterior decorating in the background scenes.

Produced on a G-String budget, it was made in five days. Originally, it was supposed to be seven days but it rained that weekend. It's from Anonymous Productions and if the picture's a hit they'll give their right names. It's due to be released next summer if the tide is right. With all this jazz out of the way, let's get on with the story...

James Blonde (CONN SEANERY) is a real beach comber. He walks along the beach with a comb. He gets a kick out of seeing the waves but hates all that dandruff. One day, as he's combing a sandman's scalp, he notices a shapely young girl in a bikini standing on her head. His curiosity aroused, he walks over to her. She thinks he wants to get fresh and so she asks if he wants *his* head handed to him. Not having a silver platter, he answers in the negative. One thing leads to another and in no time at all, they're heels over head in love with each other. It happens this fast because they couldn't ad lib a courtship. Anyway, he brings her an upside down cake as a token of his affection and she bends over backwards to show hers.



Just two more weeks  
of practice, honey,  
and we're ready for  
the Sullivan show



The girl is Gussy Palore (ARSULA UNDRRESS), who has a figure even dogs whistle at. She likes to walk around on her hands. It seems she's awkward and doesn't know what to do with her feet. Because of this, she wears hand mocassins and has a large sorority ring on her left toe. She's the only girl with corns on her pinky. Men worship the ground she thumbs on. It all started after reading the Yellow Pages and she really let her fingers do the walking. Now she's a girl who can hitchhike with her big toe. Also, she goes over big at parties especially when she stands on her head while wearing an evening gown.

Whattaya mean you know my heart's in the right place?

Will you get me out of here I'm stuck on some chewing gum!

James and Gussy soon have a big thing going. Unfortunately, it isn't the plot—which is beginning to drag. She teaches him how to stand on his head and he teaches her how to lie on her back. They start behaving like Tommy Sands and Annette Funicello. They do crazy things like putting seashells to their ears to hear the ocean's roar. Then they put their ears to the ocean's roar and start hearing seashells. They write love letters in the sand to each other, but when she isn't looking he erases them as he remembers never to put anything in writing. He brings her presents like dried seaweed and jellyfish and she takes it all with a grain of salt. Life is peaceful and serene and they vow to love each other till the sands grow wet.

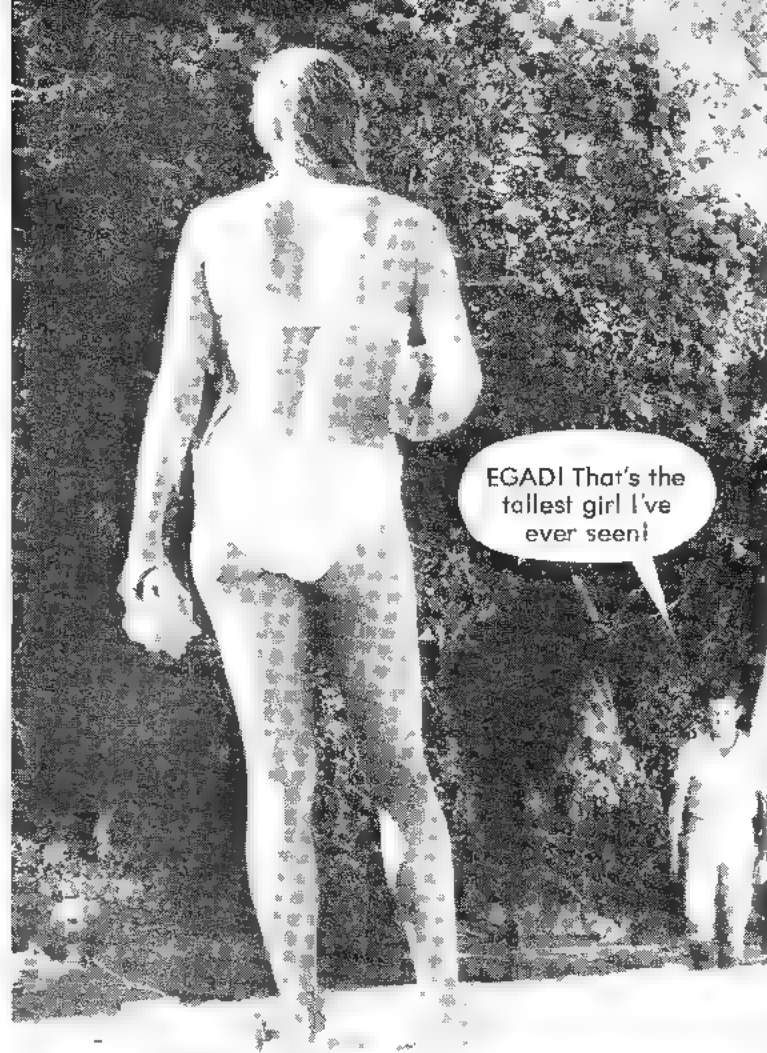
That can't be Annette Funicello—she's not in this picture!

One day they find themselves in an argument for the first time. It's over some silly thing like who should take the garbage out to the trash can under the boardwalk. One word leads to another and soon they're boiling mad—since they've been arguing under a hot sun. She points out that they have nothing in common as they come from different sides of the water. She was brought up on the white sanded beaches of the Riviera and he's from the litter sanded beaches of Coney Island. She tells him "you can stand on your head from today til tomorrow—I'm leaving you!" He answers, "go and never darken my shores again!" He thinks she's bluffing but when she packs her bikini and takes off he starts to cry. He gets down on his hands and head to beg her to stay but she goes away.

By now, James is all broken up. He looks for anything that will make him forget. He tries counting the sand on the beach but runs out of adding machine paper. He even tries to improve his diction by talking with pebbles in his mouth, but after three days he begins to sound like Alfred Hitchcock. Finally, he tries committing suicide by burying himself in the sand but gets fouled up trying to put up a cross on the grave. When nothing works, he decides to put his thumb down and stand on his own two hands. He decides to go find her and drag her bodily back to the beach. And so he packs his trunks and sets out after her.

That's a great  
impression of Mussolini. .  
who else do  
you do?

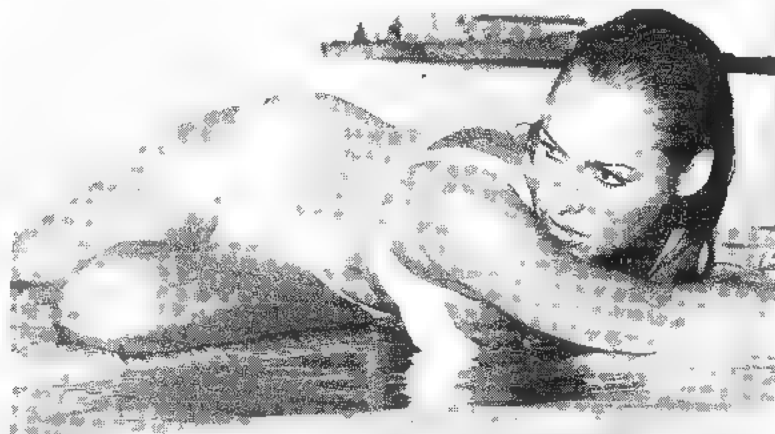
Don't be  
so nosy!



To make a short story long, he finally finds her standing on her head in front of a hot dog stand under an arcade. When he sees her she's eating a knish upside down and it gets very messy when the insides start to ooze out. Wiping her chin with his towel, their eyes meet and once again bells start to ring. This is the final bell signaling the end of the movie so that the both of them will know when to stop acting. As the words "The End" flash on the screen, they are seen walking on their hands back to the beach—tenderly holding each other's feet.

Darling, will you  
let go of my leg  
and let me swim  
ashore!

This is the first time we've ever given away the ending to a movie spoof—but this ending is so bad we're glad to give it away. This picture is a real tear-jerker, guaranteed to make you cry mainly for your money back!





## TRENDS

We always thought SICK was the funniest magazine in the world. Then we looked at today's adventure comic books and settled for second place. That is, until

recently when we came across some fan magazines devoted to these adventure books. Now we don't know where we stand after reading fanzines like...

### The Comic Book Fanzine

# SUPERFAN

A SUPERFAN FIRST:  
**BIRDBRAIN  
VS  
DEADBEAT**



EXCLUSIVE:

Ostrich Boy Meets Rhinoceros Girl!

Win A Date With The Girl Who's  
Secretary To The Artist Who Inks  
**MIGHTY MUSK OX**

Can The Battling Bellhop Beat  
**The FANTASTIC FLORIST**  
An Open Letter To Super Caterpillar

**SPECIAL 19-PAGE DULL-COLOR SECTION ON THE LEAPIN' LIZARD**

# SUPERFAN

THE ADVENTURE  
COMICS FANZINE



A LOOK AT HAPPENINGS IN THE COMIC BOOK WORLD

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Names of our Editorial Staff are being withheld because if our parents ever found out what we were doing they'd murder us!

**SUPERFAN** is published irregularly—whenever our parents give us some extra money—and is distributed by whoever has the car at the time. Subscription rates are \$986 for two issues per year as the cost of the printing. Is ridiculous. Not responsible for any solicited material in the mail as all of our stuff is unsolicited. **PRINTED IN ERROR**

next issue:  
**The FLY** meets  
**The Zipper**



America's New Super-Duper-Hero

# War Bond SECRET AGENT 18.75

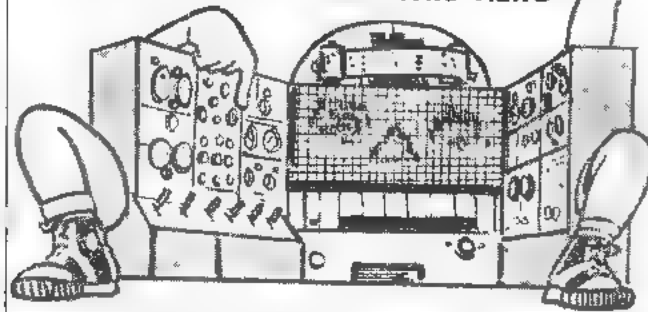


Better known as 'The Man From Uncle Sam' he is an undercover agent for the U.S. Government from where he fights the secret organization known as C.O.M.M.I.E.

HIS FIRST BIG  
ADVENTURE IN  
**ULTRASICK COMICS**

## GIANT CONTEST

THINK OF NAME FOR THIS HERO



Just think up a good name for this super-hero as the editors are waiting to put him in the works and can't come up with a name

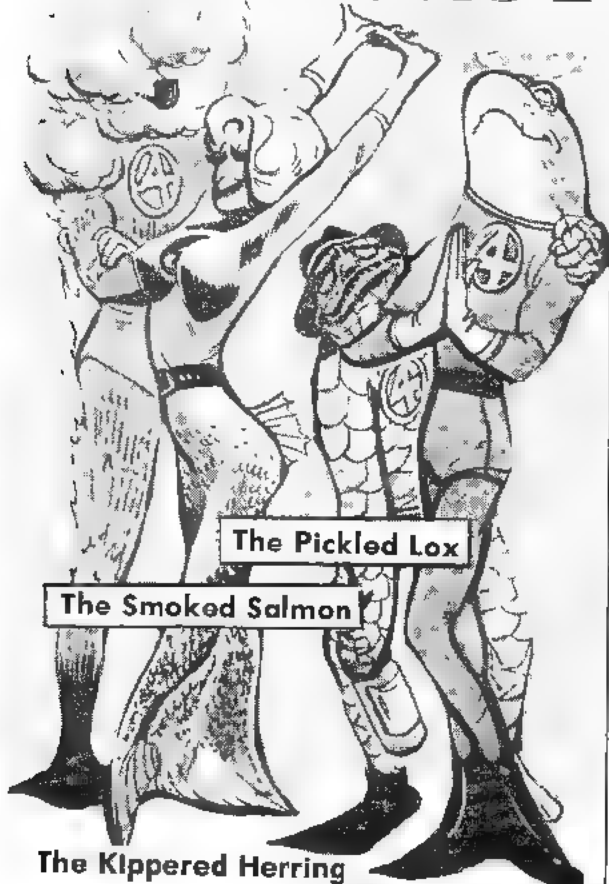
Winner will receive \$500 in prizes or 35¢ cash (our prizes are worthless)

Contest closes whenever we get a good name. Decision of our judges' wives are final. In case of tie he will be called by both names. Send in your entry today as we may soon go out of business

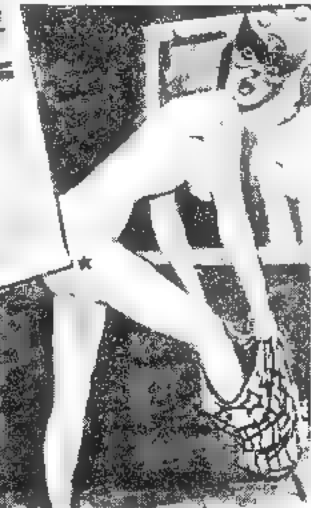
## PIN-UPS OF THE MONTH

Incredibly Fishy Comics'  
Leading Heroes

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# SUPERFAN

# PREVIEW



**APE GIRL**

The only hairy girl hero in the comic book world today, her long bushy hair falls down over her entire body. She can crush the most powerful of men in her arms. Although not fun to be with on a date, she is handy to have around when evil lurks its eerie head.



**THE SWINGING SURGEON**

Armed with only a small scalpel in his hand, this hero can incapacitate his enemy with a single thrust in a vital area. A genuine cutup, this masked and gloved foe of diseased minds also introduces germ warfare in the perennial battle against evil.



**THE GALLANT GARBAGEMAN**

Gathering up the trash and wastrels of the underworld, this ultra-super hero swoops up his victims in an enormous garbage can. He can clean up an entire city singlehandedly. His only major opponent is his deadly foe, *The Sadistic Litterer*, who constantly thwarts his endeavors.



**THE DEADLY DENTIST**

Armed with a supersonic electric drill, he painfully inflicts it on villains until they wince in agony. Getting on the nerves of his opponents, his deadly gas incapacitates them while he continues on digging out the roots of the criminal underworld. Small wonder that his foes say they need him like a hole in the head.



**SUPER BEDBUG**

Crawling out of the woodwork with all the savage fury at his disposal, this fearless scourge of the underworld terrifies the most powerful of foes. A night fighter, he surprises them in their beds when they're most susceptible. Together with his girl friend, *Lady Bug*, he leads a pack of hundreds on a rampant rage against crime.



**SCRATCHO, THE LICE MAN**

This brand-new adventure book terror gets in the hair of his opponents and causes them to scratch themselves to death. Armed with but a tiny spray can for a weapon, he unleashes thousands of tiny lice which infect his victims and drive them insane. His perennial foe, *The Hangnail*, is the only one who causes him trouble.

# OF NEW SUPER HEROES



## PERCY THE PIRATE

Scourge of the seven seas, this super-hero takes from the rich luxury ships and unloads the stuff on poor tramp steamers. Working out of the Harlem River in New York, his emblem—a skull and fishbones—strikes terror into the hearts of all those who see it. Definitely not for weak stomachs.



## THE PLUNGING PSYCHIATRIST

This hero destroys his enemies by just talking to them. He makes them feel so insecure that they give up in sheer futility. What he does is give them instant psychoses—driving his victims so crazy that they finally crack up. Soaring thru the skies on his Magic Couch, he is the terror of sick minds everywhere.



## THE FIGHTING EMBALMER

Not only does this super-hero destroy his foes but he embalms them as well so that they never looked better in their lives. Armed with a deadly fluid gun he jabs his way into all veins of corruption. His sidekick, *The Merry Mortician*, provides comic relief for these otherwise grim tales.



## THE TERRIBLE TAPEWORM

This down-to-earth super-being will eat his way into your heart. A real stomach-turner to those who start up with him, his presence is felt in many circles. What he does is cause his victims to overeat until they explode and fade from the scene. Together with *The Roast Pork-man*, he has one gluttonous adventure after another.



## THE GRINNING GRAVEDIGGER

This refreshing new super-hero also wreaks havoc on the underworld. His delightfully different trademark however, is that he buries his victims immediately after the kill. Posing as a dead-beat in society, he comes alive only at night from his headquarters in Tombstone, Arizona, to shovel in the dirt and grime of corruption.



## THE GIANT TERMITE

Biting away at the vicious forces of evil, this toothy new hero can wreck an entire house full of villains. Racing from out of the walls at night, he gnashes his teeth on mankind's foes. Together with his accomplice, *The Gnawing Gnat*, he is a destructive foe of wrong doers all over the world.



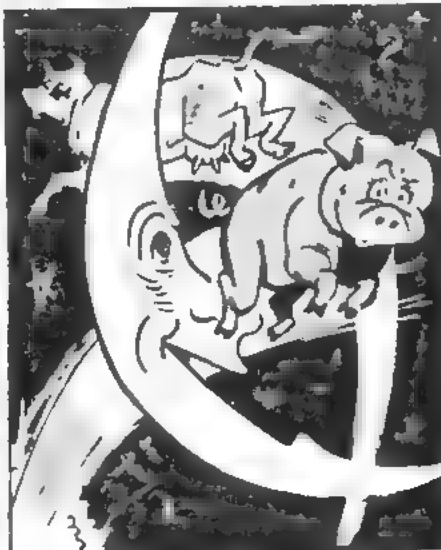
## LONGJOHN, THE UNDERWEAR MAN

Clad in a real union suit, this hero battles the villains who strike at night. Wearing no insignia on his long white underwear, he's able to move inconspicuously in the shadows of the city. For the summer he takes off his costume and becomes *Jockey Shorts*—terror of the day people. Along with his romantic interest, *The Pajama Girl*, he is always there in the stretch.



## THE AMAZING AMOEBA

Tiniest of all the great adventure heroes, this one will ooze its way into being one of your favorites in no time. Together with his sea-worthy companion, *The Panting Protozoa*, they battle the slimiest villains from shore to shore.



## SUPER PIG

By day, a shy unassuming young pig living in an obscure pen on a Nebraska farm. At night, he sheds his layers of fat and becomes *Super Pig*—able to leap high barns and tall siloes with a single sweep. He deals a crushing blow to all those who would wreak their havoc on mankind.



## THE CHICKEN FLICKER

Plucking away at the forces of evil, his feathery costume flying thru the air is the symbol of law and decency everywhere. Flicking away with him are his two sidekicks, *Top* and *Bottom*. Together they swoop down on victims with a hawking fury never before seen.

## THE SLUGGING GRANDMOTHER

Nobody suspects that this 86 year-old, arthritic-ridden old lady is in reality, a dedicated and vicious opponent of evil everywhere. When she swings into action her cane becomes a sword, her bi-focals powerful X-ray eyes, her hearing aid a transistor and her wrinkled skin hiding places for all sorts of electronic crime-fighting gadgets. Only her companion, *The Rotten Grandchild*, knows of her true identity.



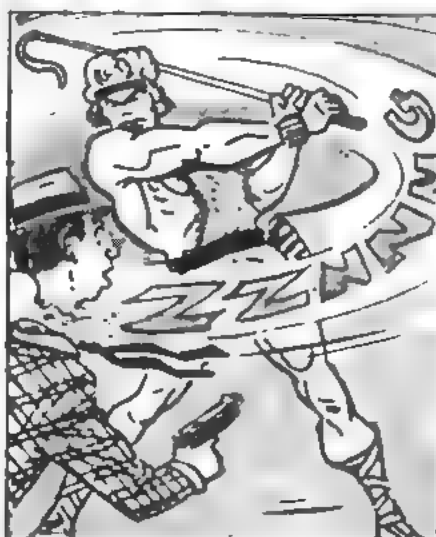
## SKUNK MAN

Using his highly developed sense of smell, this formidable opponent of evil has no trouble getting his victims out into the open. Wearing a black uniform with a white stripe down the back, his overwhelming presence can be felt for miles around. To balance his powerful personality, *The Chlorophyl Kid* accompanies him on all adventures.



## GLOB, SON OF BLOB

A mass of human protoplasm, this one snares villains and disposes of them inside his own body. Running rampant thru the underworld, he gets bigger with each new foe. Only his faithful and twisted companion—*Yech, Son Of Blech*—knows who the original Glob was.



## THE SWINGING SHEPHERD

This dynamic young sheepherder pulls the wool over his opponents and rounds up flocks of them from the field. Foes become meek as lambs when he swoops down on them. Armed with only a deadly electronic harp, he pulls all sorts of strings to get the job done.



## THE I-CASH-CLOTHES-MAN

No one would suspect that this unassuming old used—clothes peddler is in reality. *Ivor The Magnificent*—who battles the forces of evil that ply their trade upon unsuspecting tenement dwellers in our big cities. Editors in the field all agree that this hero is the one to watch.

## THE FIGHTING CLOD

An adventurous hero with a dash of humor thrown in, he is a shnook in every other way except for one peculiar talent—crime-busting. Inside his ordinary-looking dunce cap lies hidden an arsenal of new secret weapons to overcome all types of foes. With his faithful companion, *The Dangling Dunce*, he leads all villains a merry chase.



Script by Paul Laikin

Art by Bob Powell



## What's News

**CAPTAIN BRONX**, The Terror Of Moshulu Parkway, moves from *Hack Adventure Comics* to *Plain Disgusting Comics* starting next issue. Welcome aboard, Cap! ...**THE STARTLING STREETCLEANER** really cleaning up things at the Abominable Comics' stable. Editors claim he's making a pile for them... Fans are complaining that the **FANTABULOUS HABADASH ERER** has gotten too high-hat lately. He's one of those long underwear heroes who shouldn't be so starchy or he might lose his shirt!

*Incredibly Nauseous Tales* is teaming its top hero, **ANCHOVY MAN**, with **THE MUSHROOM KID**, in hopes of coming up with some new ideas on how to outwit their perennial opponent—**ANTEPASTO**... **THE ALMIGHTY ALBATROSS** being dropped by *Pretentious Comics* as he's bringing bad luck to the artists drawing him... A new super-hero, **THE SMILING CRAB**, makes his debut in next month's exciting issue of *FAR OUT FINK STORIES*!

**THE CREATURE FROM THE BLUE LATRINE** and **IT CAME FROM OUTTA THE SINK** are two new villains from Hollywood to the adventure comic book field. Look for them in the next issue of *Ridiculously Nasty Tales*... Wait'll you get wind of **THE SMELLY ALLIGATOR**'s latest adventure in the current issue of *Incompetent Comics*. Will make your skin crawl... A fan club for the guy who letters **THE PSYCHOTIC UNICORN** is now being formed. For information write to the editors of *REAL SHODDY TALES*.

**THE AVENGING AARDVAARK** teaming up with **THE STUPENDOUS GIRAFFE-MAN** for more action-packed adventures in *Horribly Mangled Tales*

...**ROLLO THE RATFINK** checks into *Smelly Old Comics* next month as a full-featured regular. Inspired by the popularity of "birds" in the White House *Schlock Comics* is coming out with some new super-heroes called **DICKY BIRD**, **DIRTY BIRD** and **A WET BIRD** who never flies at night!

**CLARENCE THE COLOSSAL** gets a girl friend for the first time in his next adventure in *Blah Tales*. She'll be blonde and lovely, **ZELDA THE ZULU**... **THE BATTLING BARBER** joins up with **THE WEIRDO WIGMAKER** for some hair-raising adventures in the next issue of *FLY-BY-NIGHT COMICS*.... A convention of all adventure comic book fans will be held this New Year's Day. Plans are now being made to find a place big enough to hold all the fans. At this writing it's a choice between the continent of Australia and the Thousand Islands!

**THE CHARTREUSE COCKROACH** getting a new sidekick **THE BEIGE BEDBUG**, for some high and low adventures in *Stupidity Comics*... **THE SNARLING PARAKEET** is for the birds and most fans think he should get out of his cage once in a while. How about it, editors of *Poor Taste Comics*?

**SUPER EGGHEAD**, one of the many new heroes being created over at *Intellectually Boring Comics*... **CAPTAIN ANTARCTICA**'s latest adventures were real chillers but left many of his fans cold. Don't give us the deep freeze and let's get hot again, eh Cap?... **THE ABOMINABLE SNOWGIRL** appears as a new girl villain in the current issue of *Frankly Idiotic Tales*... **THE SUPER COLOSSAL ULTRA-STUPENDOUS WILDLY-FANTASTIC CREEP** is the new hero over at *Mushygina Comics*... Among the many new adventure comic books slated to hit the stands by Christmas are *Dull Comics*, *Dirty Comics* and *Thank Heaven This Is The End Comics*!



The one thing that most comic book fans would like to see is a comic book put out through a joint effort by leading comic Publishers. These fans feel that such a comic would surely be a big hit. We, however, do not agree. We feel that such a comic would be a big fat flop. And, since we're old hands at putting out flops, we would like to show you how such an endeavor might turn out.

# Invasion of The FINKMEN

Art by George Tuska

Script by Calvin Castine

Starring — FLESH, CLEAN ARROW, BATHMAN, ADAM, ELASTICATED MAN, AWKWARDMAN, GREEN LAMPBURN, SUPER-FELLOW, HONKMAN, WANDER WOMAN, MR. FRANTIC, THE THIN, INHUMAN TORCH, INVINCIBLE GIRL, SUB-HERRING, THE BULK, THORN, JOINT MAN, LURN MAN, CAPT. CAMERA, QUICKSLIVER, HAWKNOSE, SPITTER-MAN, TARDEVIL, THE SEX-MEN, PIRANAMAN, JERK FROST.

Our story opens with a dramatic scene in the pentagon, where a very important decision is being reached.



Later, in another part of town ..

I called this emergency meeting of the Just-a-League of Americans, because we've been asked by the pentagon to help fight the Finks

Good. This will give me a chance to try out my new B-O Flyer sneakers.

This would have to come up when our cheer-leaders are out of town.



Don't you find it hard to carry those wings around, Honkman?

Not at all. My biggest problem is blowing my nose.



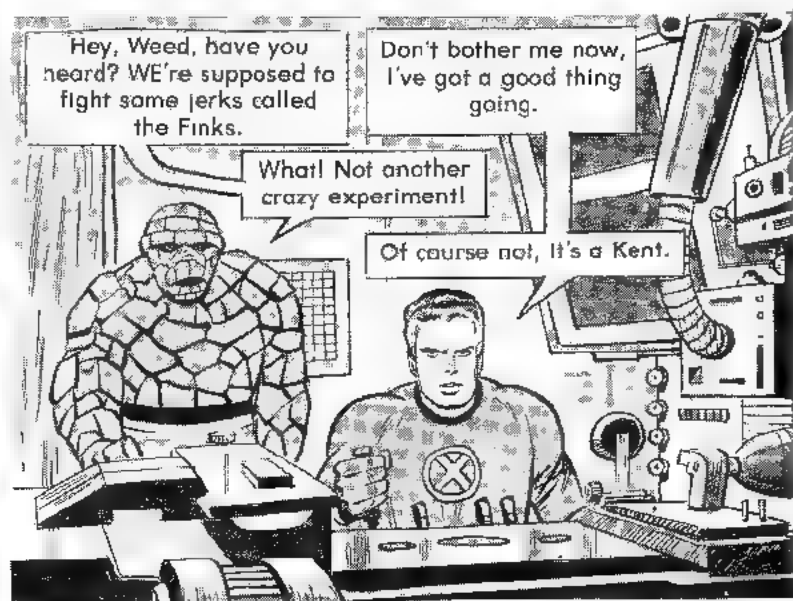
Meanwhile, in another part of town.

Hey, Weed, have you heard? WE're supposed to fight some jerks called the Finks.

Don't bother me now, I've got a good thing going.

What! Not another crazy experiment!

Of course not, It's a Kent.



Later, in another part of town...

Shouldn't we introduce ourselves to the readers who don't know us, first?

I don't need no crummy introduction. Everybody knows me.

How do you keep your pin-feathers so neat, Angie?

I use that greasy kid stuff.





Later, in another part of town...





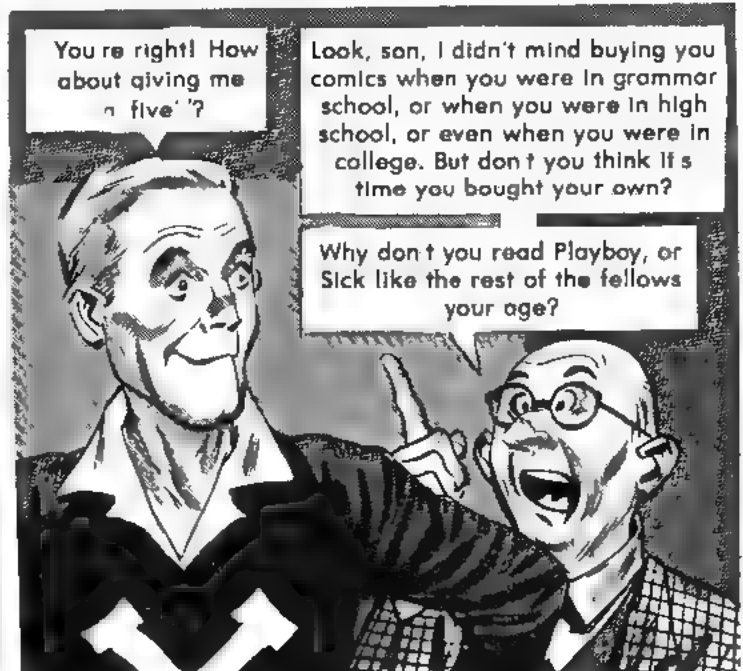
So far, we have taken you into the lives of the men who put the comics together, and into the lives of some of the most popular heroes. Now, comes

the third member of the New Age of Comics; the person to whom all comic book editors, writers, and artists owe their jobs...the comic book reader!

# ADVENTURES OF SUPERFAN

Art by George Tuska

Script by Calvin Castine



Meanwhile, not far away...



Awright, typical, average, ordinary, suburban family—who are fear-struck, stick 'em up!



Gosh! Now's my chance to prove what a great hero I can be!



Dashing into a nearby phone booth, meek, mild, Cluck Dent makes a dramatic change into the dynamic



Super Fan flies into the middle of the battle with his steam-powered muscles bulging under his colorful garb



With strength comparable to that of Atlas himself, the masked hero quickly turns the tide of the battle. The villain gasps in horror at his tremendous display of power.



Having vanquished his foes, our hero quickly disappears into the shadows—leaving behind him a crowd of cheering admirers



Now, alone once again, the mighty Super Fan changes back to his mortal identity of Cluck Dent..



and goes about doing a long-over due job



# SIMON Sez:

by Joe Simon

Never before in SICK's history has our mail been so encouraging. Like we told you before, we're still Number Two so that's how come we try harder. And, judging by your response, it's paying off. Anyway, we'll keep trying to please you if you keep trying to please us namely, by sending in those wonderful letters. We're planning bigger and better surprises in the future and if you want to be part of the new SICK Empire let's hear from you!

## ABOUT THIS ISSUE

The inspiration for this issue on comic-book heroes stems from the current "IN" trend that these heroes are enjoying. The collection of comic books is now a big rage in our culture. Old issues are selling for as much as one hundred dollars apiece. There's even a national Hall of Fame for "The Immortals" who created them. World-wide conventions are held each year, where collectors get together and compare old memories. The collectors are from every age group and range from college professors and newspaper editors to used-car dealers and chicken-flickers.

Furthermore, these collectors publish hundreds of so-called "Fanzines" in which they discuss the old characters as if they had really lived. Many of these fanzines make more sense and are better written than the comic books themselves. An exception to this rule is our parody called "SUPERFAN" which lampoons the rare but *schlock* kind of fanzine.

The interest in comic book superheroes has already been recognized by many of the big national magazines which have written features on them. Recently, Playboy published a condensed version of a new Jules Feiffer book on Pop Cul-

ture in which our own Bob Powell (see profile opposite page) emerges as a prominent figure. Even ye olde editor is mentioned in the listings of the great. On the cover of this magazine is none other than FIGHTING AMERICAN, a collector's prize created some years back by Joe Simon and Jack Kirby.

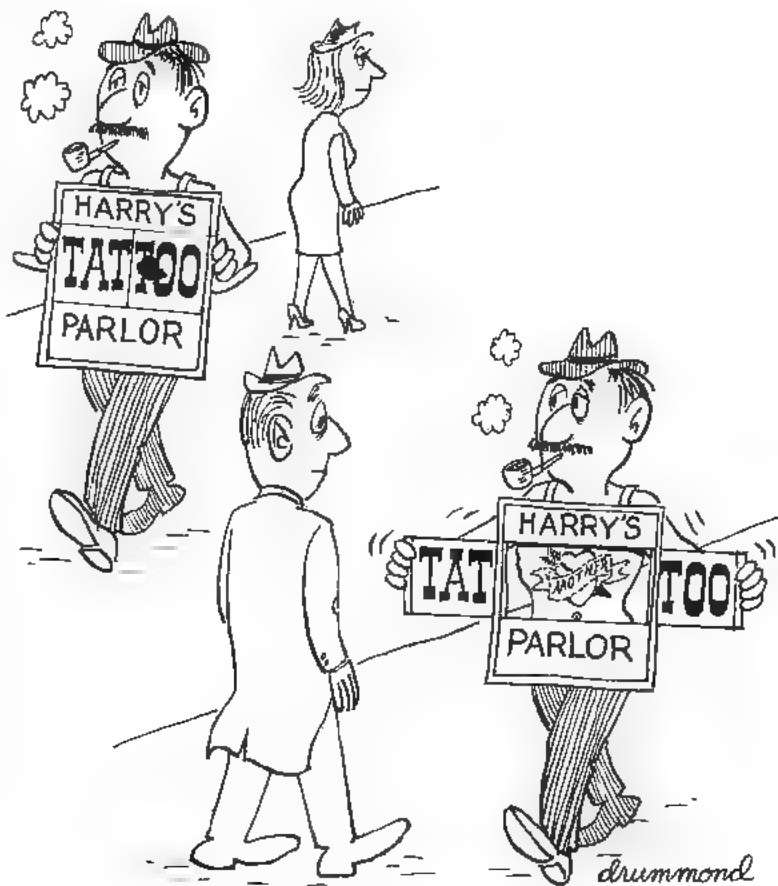
## SICK SUCCESS STORY

PAUL LAIKIN is the latest member of our staff to hit the big TV paydirt. Now writer for the new NBC comedy-game show "Let's Play Post Office," his work can be seen on Mondays thru Fridays, 12:30 PM, E.S.T. Paul will continue to write for us however, for as he puts it "once sick it's hard to get cured!"

## FRONT COVER CUT-OUT

In case you missed this item on our contents page, that wild drawing on our front cover is ideal for a cut-out. So many people requested a copy of the original drawing that we thought up a way in which everybody can have one. Cut out this pop art masterpiece and frame it. And if you want more copies of this picture then naturally, buy more copies of this magazine!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION		For the month of OCT 1 1965	
1. Name of Publication		SICK	
2. Issue Date		OCT 1 1965	
3. Frequency of Issue		Monthly except January, April, July and October	
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7. Name and Address of Editor		Joe Simon, 32 West 22nd Street, New York 10011, N.Y.	
8. Name and Address of Managing Editor		Paul Spelman, 32 West 22nd Street, New York 10011, N.Y.	
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11. Tax Status (Check one) <input type="checkbox"/> Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of all stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given. If the publication is published by a sole proprietor, his name and address must be given.) <input type="checkbox"/> Sole Proprietor <input type="checkbox"/> Partnership <input type="checkbox"/> Corporation <input type="checkbox"/> Other			
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13. Issue Date		OCT 1 1965	
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19. Free Distribution (Carriers, street vendors, and other means)		100	
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23. Total Number of Copies (Net Press Run)		100,000	





# Profile



POWELL BY  
KODAK

## Bob Powell

S. Robert (Bob) Powell is a veteran of the comic book field. "I always tell them I'm a veteran so they'll pay me more," he says, "but they don't." For over 25 years he's been drawing and illustrating comics both in book form and syndicated strips. "Someday I hope to finish those two jobs." This is far from the case however, as Bob can really turn out the stuff. He's a fellow who can finish a full 4-page article overnight. In the daytime though, he has a little trouble. "I may be fast on the draw but not at high noon," is his plea.

Despite his facade of nonchalance, Bob Powell is a 100% dedicated craftsman—give or take a few percentage points. He has a style all his own. "Nobody else wants it," he insists. And he has a wild and zany brush technique which he attributes to the fact that he buys only wild and zany brushes. He has a vast army of imitators but he's the original. "Of course I'm the original," he points out, "I'm the oldest one left in the business."

Some of the more popular strips he worked on were MAN N BLACK which he recalls "was



POWELL BY POWELL

*supposed to be Man In White but I smudged the original drawing.* Also SHEENA who is Queen Of The Jungle "and made me King of the comic book jungle" And BOBBY BENSON & THE B-BAR-B RIDERS which he says "had so many B's in it there's no wonder I got stung."

Among his more popular nationally syndicated strips were BAT MASTERSON and MR. MYSTIC. Doing both at once used to get him confused, "one day I had Bat receiving spirit messages from another world and Mr. Mystic shooting it out at the O.K. Corral." These were Bob's primary comics accounts. His secondary accounts are too numerous to mention here. "I never had to draw unemployment checks," he boasts. "I just drew money....I had Lincoln's picture down pat."

A graduate of Pratt Institute in New York, Bob is married to his devoted wife, Bettina. "She's stood by me through thick and thin," he beams, "in the days when I was thick and now that I'm thin." Three sons are his pride and joy. "I talked them out of following in my handprints," The eldest Ensign R.R. Powell,

is really flying high these days and making a lot of noise. "He's a jet pilot," says the proud father. The middle son, John, is an art major at Syracuse University. "Or is it Art who's a John major?" he asks. The youngest, Kyle, is in the third grade. "This one keeps complaining about the initials I gave him—K.P.," he tells us. A new grandson, Sean, rounds out the list.

Whenever his work and family aren't keeping him busy, Bob spends his off-hours around racing cars. He drives a Stingray and is a Director of the Bridgehampton Road Races Corporation. At one time he thought he'd become a drag racer but admits, "racing got to be too much of a drag." He's also rebuilding a land-locked boat "it isn't easy climbing inside the bottle to rebuild that boat."

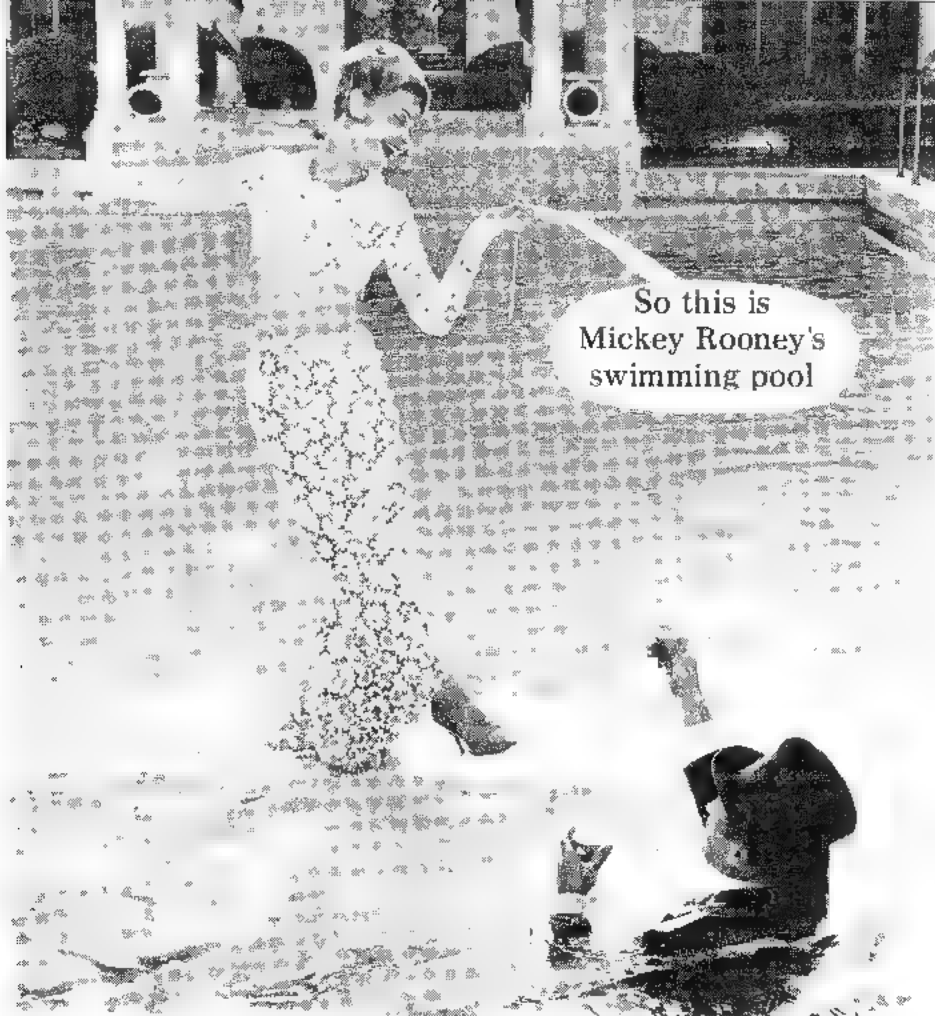
Before coming to SICK, Bob was editor of one of our competitors whose name we don't want to mention. When he came to SICK we got even with Bob by giving him all the tough artwork to do—like the balloon continuity articles you see. He has taken it in his stride. Mainly, he has tried to stride away from it but we keep bringing him back.

# *SICK* SPORTS SECTION



PHOENIX, ARIZONA-UPI:

Wilbur Allen, 38, grimaces in pain after being struck by golf ball hit by Barry Goldwater in pre-am event of Phoenix Open.



So this is  
Mickey Rooney's  
swimming pool

## CLASSICFRIED ADS

(Continued from page 7)

### SITUATION WANTED

I would like to join "Horny" Horn's band as advertised in the DARN BEAT magazine (Sept.). If anyone knows of his whereabouts please tell me as I know he doesn't live in Great Neck, New York.

Judith Metz  
150 Rochambeau Ave  
Providence, R.I.

Please send self-addressed, stamped envelopes to James Richard, Box 141, Topeka, Kan. I need the stamps to finance my other rackets.

### A CHALLENGE

This is a challenge to Harlan Manilla copy, or Cavendish Curdcrusher, or whatever his name is. I would like to meet this ridiculous freak who had the nerve to copy an age-old phrase from Johnny Carson: "May the bird of paradise... etc." I am going to personally take care of his face. If he will kindly meet me anytime, anyplace, preferably yesterday, at Mugwump's Retreat Resort. Tell him to bring along a friend as I am bringing James Bond and the man from U.N.C.L.E.

THE MAN FROM F.R.E.G.A.S.

Mark Leffron  
5810 Porter Road  
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

for collectors... **THE  
SATIRE THAT  
JFK LOVED--**

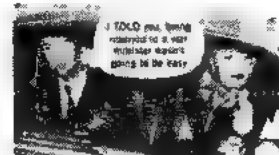
You'll want to save this memorable  
PICTURE-CAPTION book which was printed  
before Dallas when THE KENNEDY WIT  
sparkled over an adoring nation



George Jessel  
says: "LOOK WHO'S  
TALKING" is a warm  
memory of the  
wonderful humor of  
The NEW FRONTIER...  
Not for squares!"

**WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!**

## LOOK WHO'S TALKING



Hilarious  
Talking  
Pin-ups

BARRY GOLDWATER PROFUMO ROCKY AND HAPPY JFK JACKIE



SINATRA BRIGITTE BARDO TONY CURTIS SONNY LISTON  
LIZ TAYLOR EDDIE BURTON JAYNE

MANNY RICE DAVES JOHN WAYNE PAUL BURGEE BRANDO

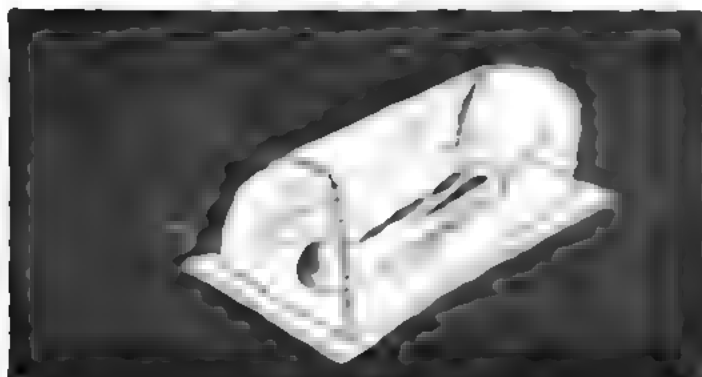
Send 50c per copy  
(for attractive 8"x11"  
stiff-covered "paper  
back" volume) to  
"Look Who's Talking,"  
32 W. 22 Street, New  
York-10, New York.



It's understandable that a lot of Christmas gifts sent thru the mail got lost because the Post Office is so swamped with packages. We got to wondering—what if way back in history some gifts got lost—gifts that would have really meant something—like maybe these...

# CANCELLED THAT COULD HAVE CHANGED

TO: GENERAL CUSTER



Model's Gift

TO: RED MAN WINKLE



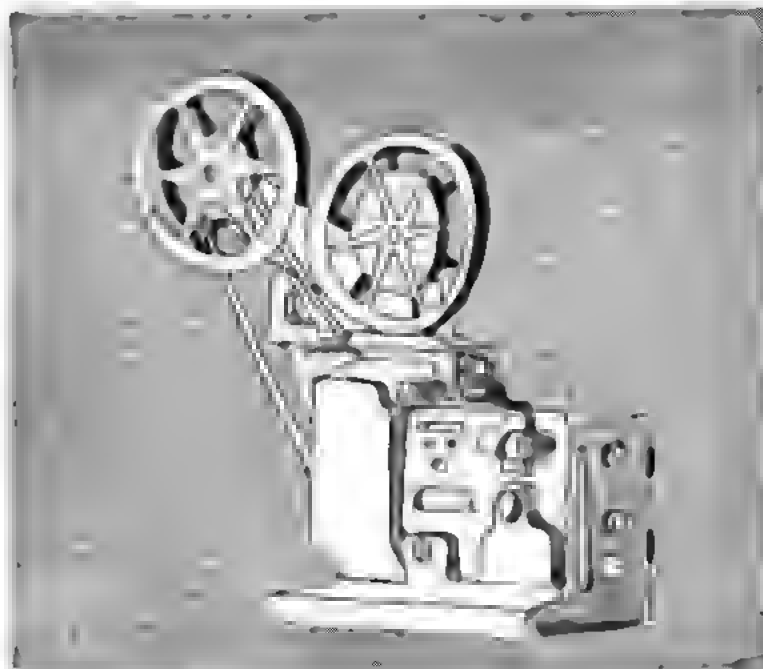
Alarm Clock

TO: SAMSON



Beatie's Wig

TO: JOHN DILLINGER



Home Movie Projector

TO: JESSE JAMES



Bullet-Proof Vest

TO: CLEOPATRA



Snake Serum

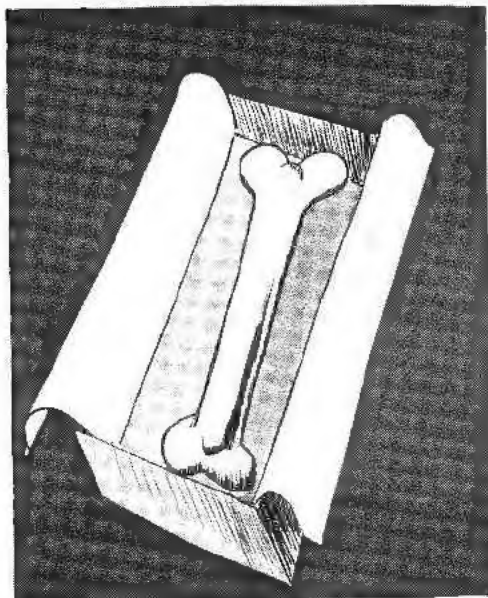
Script by Paul Laikin

Art by Arnold Franchioni

# XMAS GIFTS

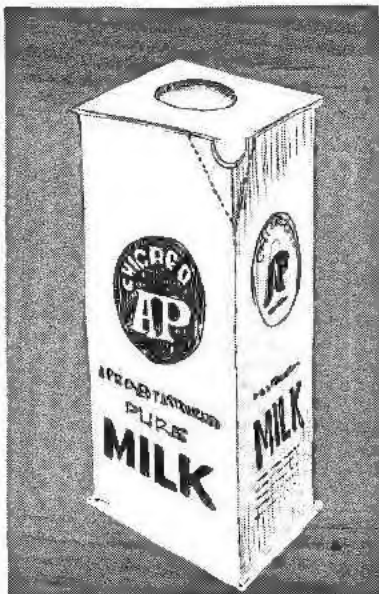
## THE COURSE OF HISTORY

TO: MOTHER HUBBARD



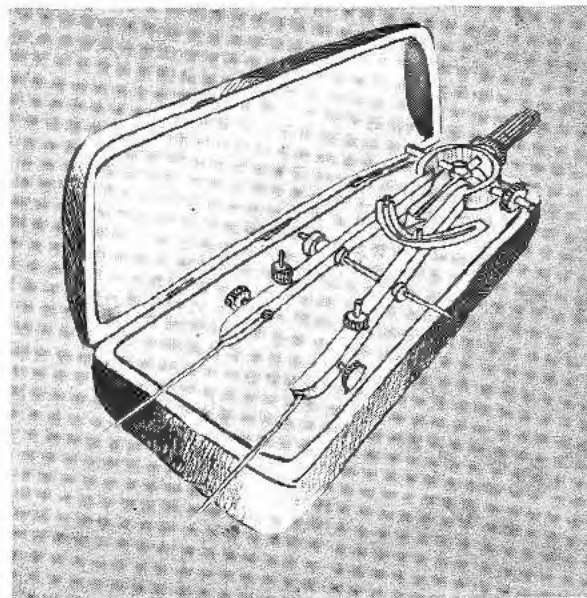
Dog Bone

TO: MRS. O'LEARY



Free Milk Delivery

TO: CAPTAIN OF TITANIC



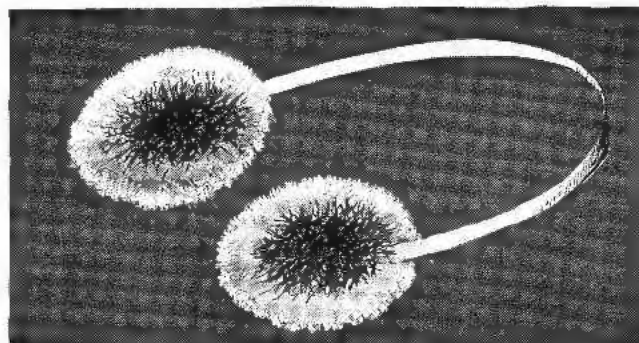
New Compass

TO: ADAM AND EVE



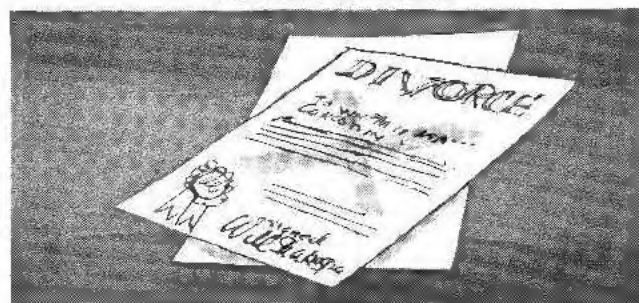
Crate Of Apples

TO: VINCENT VAN GOGH

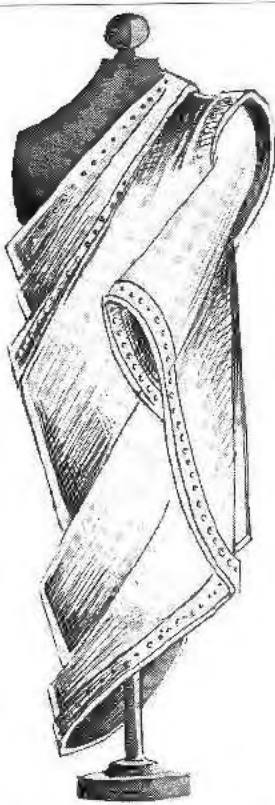


Pair Of Ear Muffs

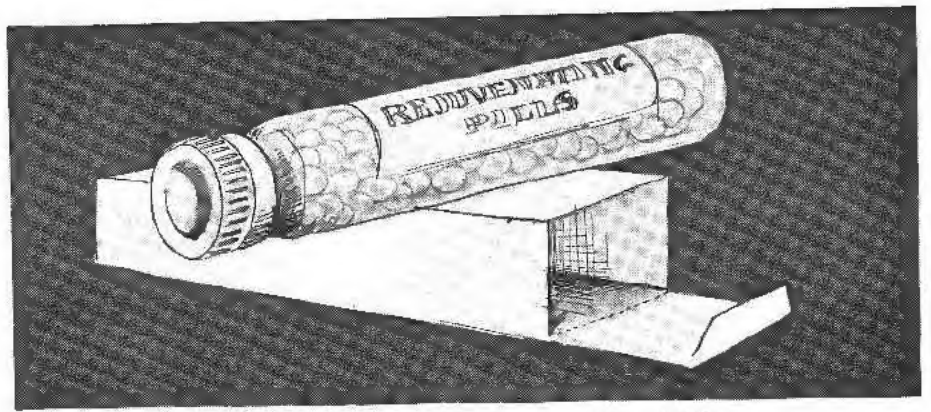
TO: MACBETH



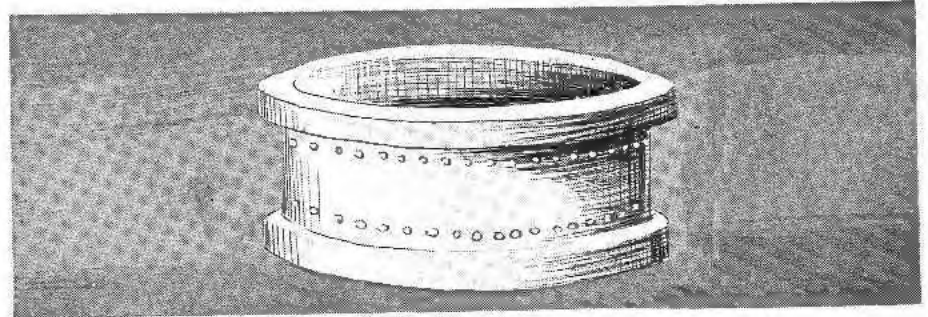
Divorce Papers



TO: JULIUS CAESAR  
Iron Toga

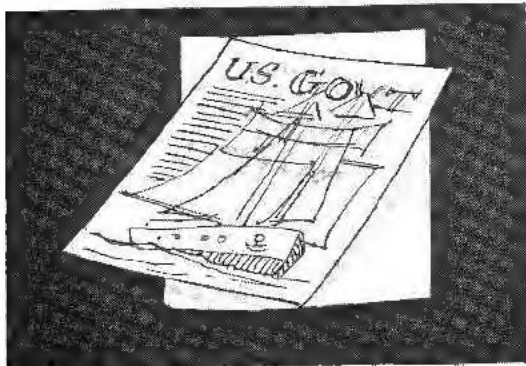


TO: PONCE DE LEON Rejuvenating Pills



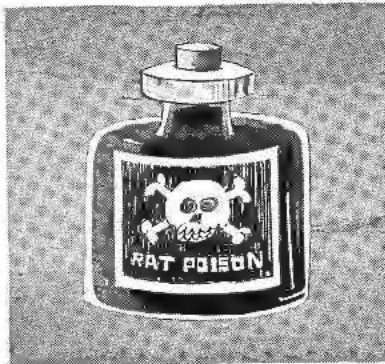
TO: ANNE BOLEYN Steel Collar

TO: EDWARD NOLAN



Citizenship Papers

TO: PIED PIPER



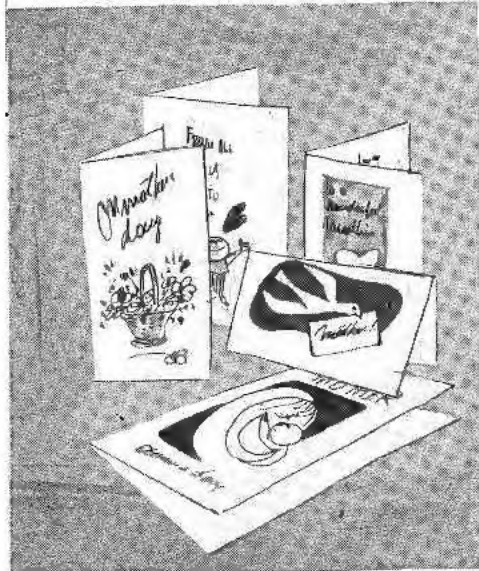
Rat Poison

TO: SOCRATES



Governor's Pardon

TO: LIZZIE BORDEN



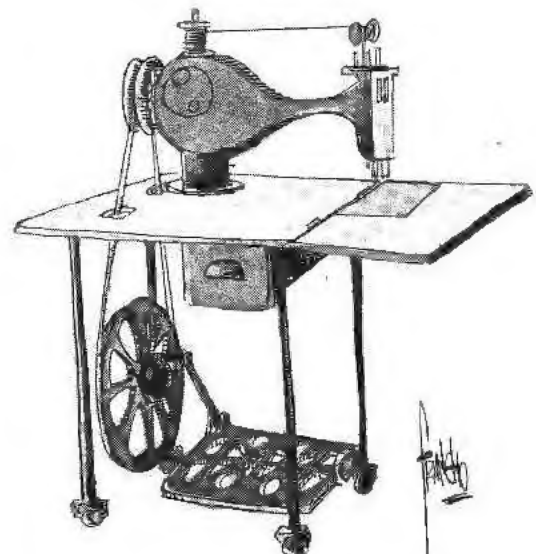
Mother's Day Cards  
50

TO: MAMA DIONNE



Birth Control Pills

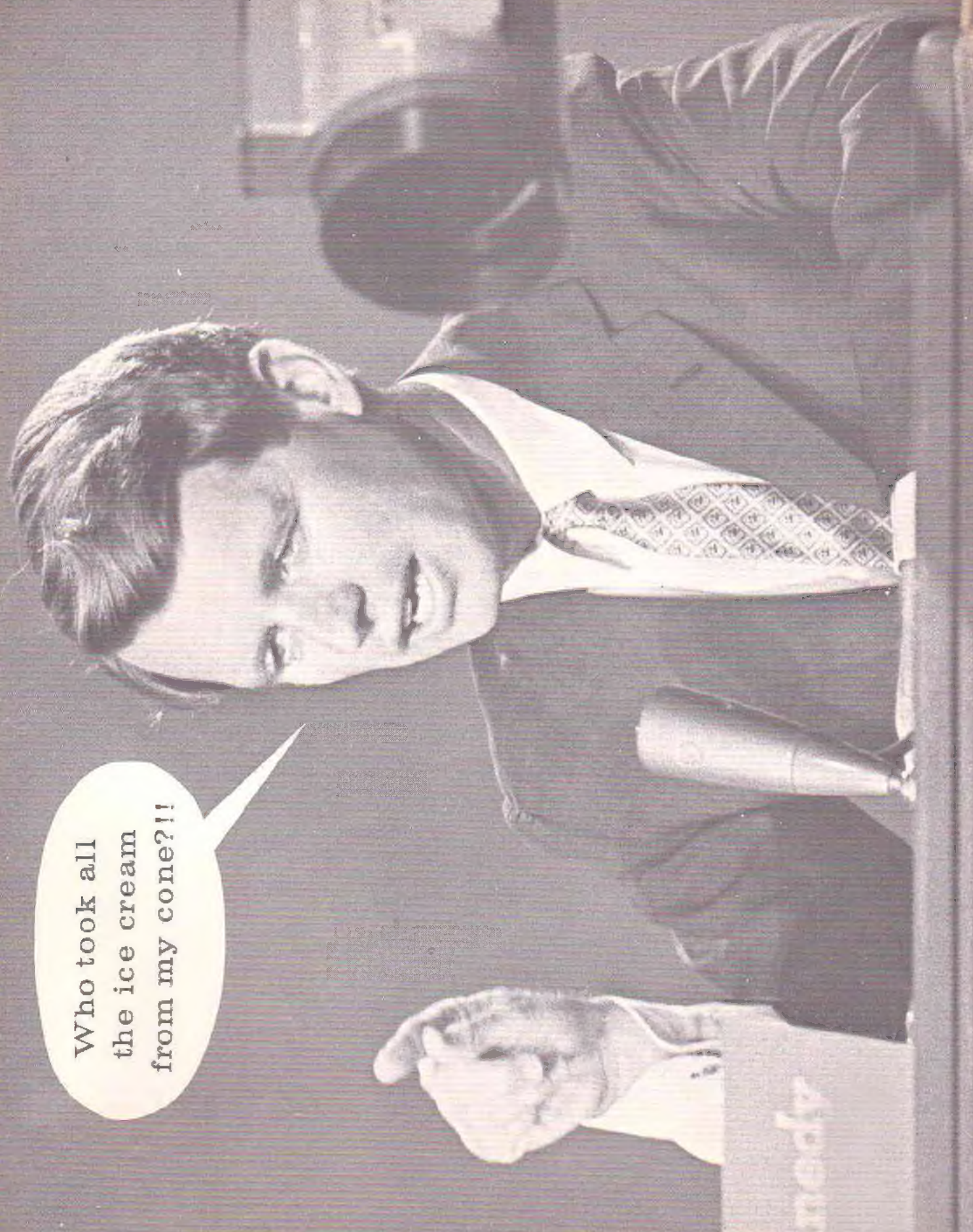
TO: BETSY ROSS



Sewing Machine



Who took all  
the ice cream  
from my cone?!!





**"Show me a filter that  
really delivers taste  
and I'll eat my hat!"**

# **New Lucky Bite Filters**

